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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoir of His late Majesty, George the Fourth.
By the Rev. G. Croly. 8vo. pp. circ. 500.
London, 1830. J. Duncan.

ALTHOUGH produced as a Memoir of our late Sovereign, this volume contains views of society in England and, occasionally, in France, from the middle of last century; characters and biographical sketches of many of the most distinguished individuals who figured during that period; anecdotes of leading public characters, such as Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, &c.; expostitions of the national policy at different important epochs; and many other matters of general attraction and interest. We have successive ministers characterised, and their measures dissected; we have critical remarks on the styles of public speakers; we have bon-mots, recollections, party negotiations and intrigues; we have political and satirical poetry; we have Buonaparte and the Catholic question; we have morals, wars, changes, &c. &c. &c.; all revived upon the canvass, and painted with a vigorous hand by an author whose power of delineation is too highly appreciated to require any eulogy from us.

The book is altogether such a work as might be expected from a man of strong sense and practised literature, living so near the time embraced in his descriptions, and aiming more at a free and popular narrative than at the philosophy of more remote history: yet it abounds with profound observations; and often in a tone of sarcastic scorn lashes the follies and vices it is forced to depict. But a few extracts, which we now proceed to give, will convey a better idea of Mr. Croly's performance than any long commentary of our own; and as we always prefer making an author speak for himself, to exhibiting ourselves as his spokesmen, here follow remarks on public and private education, as brought into discussion on the system adopted towards the Prince of Wales.

"The great schools were panegyrised, as breeding a noble equality among the sons of men of the various ranks of society; as inspiring those feelings of honour and independence, which in after-life make the man lift up his fearless front in the presence of his superiors in all but knowledge and virtue; and as pre-eminently training the youth of the land to that personal resolution, mental resource, and intellectual dignity, which are essential to every honourable career; and are congenial, above all, to the free spirit and high-minded habits of England. All these advantages must be conceded, though burlesqued and tarnished by the fantastic and selfish tales of extraordinary facilities furnished to the man by the companions of the boy; of the road to fortune smoothed, the ladder of eminence miraculously placed in his grasp, the coronet, the mitre, the highest and most sparkling honours of statesmanship, held forth to the aspirant by the hand of early association.—Hopes, in their conception mean, in their nature infinitely fallacious, and in

their anticipation altogether opposed to the openness and manly self-respect, which it is the first duty of those schools to create in the young mind. Yet the moralist may well tremble at that contamination of morals which so often defies the vigilance of the tutor; the man of limited income is entitled to reprobate the habits of extravagance engendered in the great schools; and the parent who values the affections of his children, may justly dread the reckless and unruly self-will, the young insolence, and the sullen and heartless disdain of parental authority, which spring up at a distance from the paternal eye. But the question is decided by the fact, that without public education a large portion of the youth of England would receive no education whatever; while some of the more influential would receive, in the feeble indulgences of opulent parentage and the adulation of domestics, an education worse than none. The advantages belong to the system, and to no other; while the disadvantages are accidental, and require nothing for their remedy beyond increased activity in the governors, and a more vigorous vigilance in the nation."

We cannot agree with Mr. C., however, in thinking Eton or Westminster the place for educating the heir to the throne. A *coup d'état* over Lord North's administration strikes us as very able, in this early part of the volume, which is also diversified by an episode about Swift, and other retrospects; but we pass to the commencement of the prince's chequered career, 1783, when the Commons voted him 50,000*l.* for income, and 100,000*l.* for the outfit of his household. Here the author says finely—

"There are no faults that we discover with more proverbial rapidity than the faults of others; and none that generate a more vindictive spirit of virtue, and are softened down by fewer attempts at palliation, than the faults of princes in the grave. Yet, without justice, history is but a more solemn libel; and no justice can be done to the memory of any public personage without considering the peculiar circumstances of his time. The close of the American war was the commencement of the most extraordinary period of modern Europe: all England, all France, the whole continent, were in a state of the most powerful excitement: England rejoicing at the cessation of hostilities, long unpopular and galling to the pride of a country accustomed to conquer; yet with the stain of transatlantic defeat splendidly effaced by her triumph at Gibraltar, and the proof given in that memorable siege, of the unimpaired energies of her naval and military power,—France, vain of her fatal success, and exulting in the twofold triumph of wresting America from England, and raising up a new rival for the sovereignty of the seas,—the continental states, habitually obeying the impulses of the two great movers of the world, England and France, and feeling the return of life in the new activity of all interests, public, personal, and commercial. But a deeper and fearful influence was at work, invisibly, but

resistlessly, inflaming this feverish vividness of the European mind. The story of the French Revolution is still to be told; and the man by whom that tale of grandeur and atrocity is told, will bequeath the most appalling lesson ever given to the tardy wisdom of nations. But the first working of the principle of ruin in France was brilliant; it spread an universal animation through the frame of foreign society. All was a hectic flush of vivacity. Like the Sicilian landscape, the gathering fires of the volcano were first felt in the singular luxuriance and fertility of the soil. Of all stimulants, political ambition lays the strongest hold on the sensibilities of man. The revolutionary doctrines, still covered with the graceful robes of patriotism and philosophy, seemed to have led the whole population of France into enchanted ground. Every hour had its new accession of light; every new step displayed its new wonder. Court formality—hereditary privilege—the solemnity of the altar—all that had hitherto stood an obstacle to the full indulgence of natural impulses, all the rigid and stately barriers established by the wisdom of elder times against popular passion, were seen suddenly to shrink and fade away before the approach of the new regeneration, like mists before the sunbeams. The listless life of the man of rank was suddenly supplied with an excitement that kindled all the latent activities of his nature; the man of study found, with delight, his solitary speculation assuming a life and substantial shape before his eye, and the long arrears of fortune about to be paid in public fame and power; the lower classes listened with fierce avidity to the declaration, that the time was at hand for enjoying their share of that opulent and glittering world on which they had hitherto gazed, with as little hope of reaching it as the firmament above their heads. Thus was prepared the Revolution. Thus was laid under the foundation of the throne a deadly compound of real and fantastic injury, of offended virtue and embittered vice, of the honest zeal of general good, and the desperate determination to put all to hazard for individual license, rapine, and revenge,—a mighty deposit and magazine of explosion, long visible to the eyes of Europe, invisible to the French government alone, and which only waited the first touch of the incendiary, to scatter the monarchy in fragments round the world. 'Philosophy' was the grand leader in this progress of crime; and it is a striking coincidence, that at this period its title to national homage should have been, as if by an angry destiny, suffered to aid its popular ambition.

"The peace of 1782 threw open the continent; and it was scarcely proclaimed, when France was crowded with the English nobility. Versailles was the centre of all that was sumptuous in Europe. The graces of the young queen, then in the pride of youth and beauty; the pomp of the royal family and the noblesse; and the costliness of the fêtes and celebrations, for which France has been always famous,

rendered the court the dictator of manners, morals, and politics, to all the higher ranks of the civilised world. But the Revolution was now hastening with the strides of a giant upon France: the torch was already waving over the chambers of this morbid and guilty luxury. The corrective was terrible: history has no more stinging retrospect than the contrast of that brilliant time with the days of shame and agony that followed—the untimely fate of beauty, birth, and heroism,—the more than serpent-brood that started up in the path which France once emulously covered with flowers for the step of her rulers,—the hideous suspense of the dungeon,—the heart-broken farewell to life and royalty upon the scaffold. But France was the grand corrupter; and its supremacy must in a few years have spread incurable disease through the moral frame of Europe. The English men of rank brought back with them its dissipation and its infidelity. The immediate circle of the English court was clear. The grave virtue of the king held the courtiers in awe; and the queen, with a pious wisdom, for which her name should long be held in honour, indignantly repulsed every attempt of female levity to approach her presence. But beyond this sacred circle the influence of foreign association was felt through every class of society. The great body of the writers of England, the men of whom the indiscretions of the higher ranks stand most in awe, had become less the guardians than the seducers of the public mind. The 'Encyclopédie,' the code of rebellion and irreligion still more than of science, had enlisted the majority in open scorn of all that the heart should practise or the head revere; and the Parisian atheists scarcely exceeded the truth, when they boasted of erecting a temple that was to be frequented by worshippers of every tongue. A cosmopolite, infidel republic of letters was already lifting its front above the old sovereignties, gathering under its banners a race of mankind new to public struggle,—the whole secluded, yet jealous and vexed race of labourers in the intellectual field, and summoning them to devote their most unexhausted vigour and masculine ambition to the service of a sovereign, at whose right and left, like the urns of Homer's Jove, stood the golden founts of glory. London was becoming Paris in all but the name. There never was a period when the tone of our society was more polished, more animated, or more corrupt. Gaming, horse-racing, and still deeper deviations from the right rule of life, were looked upon as the natural embellishments of rank and fortune. Private theatricals, one of the most dexterous and assured expedients to extinguish, first the delicacy of woman, and then her virtue, were the favourite indulgence; and, by an outrage to English decorum, which completed the likeness to France, women were beginning to mingle in public life, try their influence in party, and entangle their feebleness in the absurdities and abominations of political intrigue. In the midst of this luxurious period the Prince of Wales commenced his public career. His rank alone would have secured him flatterers; but he had higher titles to homage. He was, then, one of the handsomest men in Europe: his countenance open and manly; his figure tall, and strikingly proportioned; his address remarkable for easy elegance, and his whole air singularly noble. His contemporaries still describe him as the model of a man of fashion, and amusingly lament over the degeneracy of an age which no longer produces such men. But he possessed qualities which might have atoned for a less attractive

exterior. He spoke the principal modern languages with sufficient skill; he was a tasteful musician; his acquaintance with English literature was, in early life, unusually accurate and extensive; Markham's discipline, and Jackson's scholarship, had given him a large portion of classical knowledge; and nature had given him the more important public talent of speaking with fluency, dignity, and vigour. Admiration was the right of such qualities, and we can feel no surprise if it were lavishly offered by both sexes. But it has been strongly asserted, that the temptations of flattery and pleasure were thrown in his way for other objects than those of the hour; that his wanderings were watched by the eyes of politicians; and that every step which plunged him deeper into pecuniary embarrassment was triumphed in, as separating him more widely from his natural connexions, and compelling him in his helplessness to throw himself into the arms of factions alike hostile to his character and his throne."

This is not only superb writing, but just and solid reasoning; nor is the following less so, though towards the close of our quotation it goes into amusing detail.

"In other lands the king is a despot, and the heir apparent a rebel; in England the relation is softened, and the king is a tory, and the heir apparent a whig. Without uncovering the grave, to bring up things for dispute which have lain till their shape and substance are half dissolved away in that great receptacle of the follies and arts of mankind, it is obvious that there was enough in the contrast of men and parties to have allured the young Prince of Wales to the side of opposition. Almost prohibited, by the rules of the English court, from bearing any important part in government; almost condemned to silence in the legislature by the custom of the constitution; almost restricted, by the etiquette of his birth, from exerting himself in any of those pursuits which cheer and elevate a manly mind, by the noble consciousness that it is of value to its country; the life of the eldest born of the throne appears condemned to be a splendid sinecure. The valley of Rasselas, with its impassable boundary, and its luxurious and spirit-subduing bowers, was but an emblem of princely existence; and the moralist is unfit to decide on human nature, who, in estimating the career, forgets the temptation. It is neither for the purpose of undue praise to those who are now gone beyond human opinion, nor with the idle zeal of hazarding new conjectures, that the long exclusion of the Prince of Wales from public activity is pronounced to have been a signal injury to his fair fame. The same mental and bodily gifts which were lavished on the listless course of fashionable life, might have assisted the councils, or thrown new lustre on the arms, of his country; the royal tree, exposed to the free blasts of heaven, might have tossed away those parasite plants and weeds which encumbered its growth, and the nation might have been proud of its stateliness, and loved to shelter in its shade. The education of the royal family had been conducted with so regular and minute an attention, that the lapses of the prince's youth excited peculiar displeasure in the king. The family discipline was almost that of a public school: their majesties generally rose at six, breakfasted at eight with the two elder princes, and then summoned the younger children: the several teachers next appeared, and the time till dinner was spent in diligent application to languages and the severer kinds of literature, varied by lessons in music, drawing, and the other accomplish-

ments. The king was frequently present; the queen superintended the younger children, like an English mother. The two elder princes laboured at Greek and Latin with their tutors, and were by no means spared in consequence of their rank. 'How would your majesty wish to have the princes treated?' was said to be Markham's inquiry of the king. 'Like the sons of any private English gentleman,' was the manly and sensible answer. 'If they deserve it, let them be flogged: do as you used to do at Westminster.' The command was adhered to, and the royal culprits acquired their learning by the plebeian mode. The story is told, that on the subsequent change of preceptors, the command having been repeated, Arnald, or one of his assistants, thought proper to inflict a punishment, without taking into due consideration that the infants whom Markham had disciplined with impunity were now stout boys. However, the Prince and the Duke of York held a little council on the matter, and organised rebellion to the rod: on its next appearance they rushed upon the tutor, wrested his weapons from him, and exercised them with so much activity on his person, that the offence was never ventured again. Louis the Fourteenth, when, in his intercourse with the accomplished society of France, he felt his own deficiencies, often upbraided the foolish indulgence which had left his youth without instruction; exclaiming, 'Was there not birch enough in the forest of Fontainebleau?' George the Third was determined that no reproach of this nature should rest upon his memory; and probably no private family in the empire were educated with more diligence in study, more attention to religious observances, and more rational respect for their duties to society, than the children of the throne.

"There can be no difficulty in relieving the memory of George the Third from the charge of undue restraint; for nothing can be idler than the theory, that to let loose the passions of the young is to inculcate self-control. Vice is not to be conquered by inoculation; and the parent who gives his sons a taste of evil, will soon find that what he gave as an antidote has been swallowed as a temptation. The palpable misfortune of the prince was, that on emerging from the palace, he had still to learn human character, the most essential public lesson for his rank. Even the virtues of his parents were injurious to that lesson. Through infancy and youth he had seen nothing round him that could give a conception of the infinite heartlessness and artifice, the specious vice, and the selfish professions, that must beset him at his first step into life. A public education might have, in some degree, opened his eyes to the realities of human nature. Even among boys, some bitter evidence of the holowness and hypocrisy of life is administered; and the prince's understanding might have been early awakened to the salutary caution, which would have cast out before him, naked, if not ashamed, the tribe of flatterers and pretended friends who so long perverted his natural popularity. But there was much in the times to perplex a man of his high station and hazardous opportunities, let his self-control be however vigilant. The habits of society have since been so much changed, that it is difficult to conceive the circumstances of that singular and stirring period. We live in a day of mediocrity in all things. The habits of fifty years ago were, beyond all comparison, those of a more prominent, showy, and popular system. The English nobleman sustained the honours of his rank with a larger display;

the English man of fashionable life was more conspicuous in his establishment, in his appearance, and even in his eccentricities: the phaeton, his favourite equipage, was not more unlike the cabriolet, that miserable and creeping contrivance of our day, than his rich dress and cultivated manners were like the wretched costume and low fooleries that make the rapid lounge of modern society. The women of rank, if not wiser nor better than their successors, at least aimed at nobler objects: they threw open their mansions to the intelligent and accomplished minds of their time, and instead of *fête-ing* every foreign coxcomb, who came with no better title to respect than his grimace and his guitar, surrounded themselves with the wits, orators, and scholars of England. The contrivance of watering-places had not been then adopted as an escape, less from the heats of summer than from the observances of summer hospitality. The great families returned to their country-seats with the close of parliament, and their return was a holiday to the country. They received their neighbours with opulent entertainment; cheered and raised the character of the humbler ranks by their liberality and their example; extinguished the little oppressions, and low propensities to crime, which habitually grow up where the lord is an absentee; and by their mere presence, and in the simple exercise of the natural duties of rank and wealth, were the great benefactors of society. A noble family of that time would no more have thought of flying from its country neighbours to creep into miserable lodgings at a watering-place, and hide its diminished head among the meagre accommodations and miscellaneous society of a sea-coast village, than it would of burning its title-deeds. The expenses of the French war may have done something of this; and the reduced rent-rolls of the nobility may countenance a more limited expenditure. But whether the change have been in matter or mind, in the purse or the spirit, the change is undeniable; and where it is not compelled by circumstances, is contemptible. The prince was launched into public life in the midst of this high-toned time. With an income of 50,000*l.* a-year, he was to take the lead of the English nobility, many of them with twice his income, and, of course, free from the court encumbrances of an official household. All princes are made to be plundered; and the youth, generosity, and companionship of the prince, marked him out for especial plunder. He was at once fastened on by every glittering profligate who had a debt of honour to discharge, by every foreign marquess who had a *bijou* to dispose of at ten times its value, by every member of the turf who had an unknown Eclipse or Childers in his stables, and by every nameless claimant on his personal patronage or his unguarded finance, until he fell into the hands of the Jews, who offered him money at fifty per cent; and from them into the hands of political Jews, who offered him the national treasury at a price to which a hundred per cent was moderation. At this time the prince was nineteen, as ripe an age as could be desired for ruin; and in three short years the consummation was arrived at,—he was ruined."

We have read this picture of the change of manners with great pleasure; but we leave the subject, for an example of the characteristic personal sketches.—Fox and Pitt.

Fox, "too generous and too lofty in his habits to stoop to vulgar conspiracy; perhaps, alike too abhorrent of blood, and too fond of his ease, to have exhibited the reckless vigour, or

endured the long anxieties, or wrapt up his mystery in the profound concealment of a Catiline, he had all the qualities that might have made a Caius Gracchus; the eloquence, the ingenuousness of manner, the republican simplicity of life, and the shewy and specious zeal of popularity in all its forms. Fox would have made the first of tribunes. He, unquestionably, possessed the means, at that period, to have become the most dangerous subject of England. Fox's life is a memorable lesson to the pride of talents. With every kind of public ability, every kind of public opportunity, and an unceasing and indefatigable determination to be at the summit in all things, his whole life was a succession of disappointments. It has been said, that, on commencing his parliamentary course, he declared that there were three objects of his ambition, and that he would attain them all:—that he should be the most popular man in England, the husband of the handsomest woman, and prime minister. He did attain them all; but in what diminished and illusory degree, how the 'juggling fiend kept the promise to the ear, and broke it to the hope,' is long since known. He was the most popular man in England, if the Westminster electors were the nation; his marriage secured him beauty, if it secured him nothing else; and his premiership lasted scarcely long enough for him to appear at the levee. In a life of fifty-eight years, Fox's whole existence as a cabinet minister was but nineteen months; while Pitt, ten years his junior, and dying at forty-seven, passed almost his whole life, from his entrance into parliament, at the head of the country."

We regret we cannot find room for the portrait of George III.; but we wish to relieve our theme, and, lo, some *bon-mots* offer themselves, as the folks say, quite handy. Here was a wit of the day (1787).

"Pleasant news, then, from America," said he, meeting General Fitzpatrick on the first intelligence of Burgoyne's defeat. The general doubted, and replied, 'that he had just come from the secretary of state's office without hearing any thing of it.' 'Perhaps so,' said Hare; 'but take it from me as a *flying rumour*.' Fox's negligence of his fortune had induced his friends to find out a wife for him among the great heiresses. Miss Pulteney, afterwards Countess of Bath, was fixed upon; and Fox, though probably without any peculiar inclination to the match, paid his court for a while. A seat was frequently left for him beside the lady, and he made his attentions rather conspicuous during Hastings' trial. Some one observed to Hare the odd contrast between Fox's singularly dark complexion, and Miss Pulteney's pale face and light hair. 'What a strange sort of children they will make,' was the observation. 'Why, *duns*, to be sure,' replied Hare; 'cream-coloured bodies, with black manes and tails.'

"On the king's opening the session of parliament, the prince had gone in state in a military uniform, with diamond epaulettes. At dinner Doyle came in late, and, to the prince's inquiry, whether he had seen the procession? answered, 'he had been among the mob, who prodigiously admired his royal highness's equipage.' 'And did they say nothing else?' asked the prince, who was at this time a good deal talked of, from his encumbrances. 'Yes. One fellow, looking at your epaulette, said, 'Tom, what an amazing fine thing the prince has got on his shoulders!' 'Ay,' answered the other, 'fine enough, and fine as it is it will soon be on our shoulders.' The prince

paused a moment; then looked Doyle in the face, and, laughing, said, 'Ah! I know where that hit came from, you rogue; that could be nobody's but yours. Come, take some wine.'"

"The Lewes races were thinly attended, in consequence of a rainy day. The prince and a few persons of rank were there, and underwent a drenching. On their return, some observation was made on the small number of noblemen on the course. 'I beg pardon,' said the prince; 'I think I saw a very handsome sprinkling of the nobility.'

"The conversation turning on some new eccentricity of Lord George Gordon; his unfitness for a mob leader was instanced in his suffering the rioters of 1780 to break open the gin-shops, and, in particular, to intoxicate themselves by the plunder of Langdale's great distillery in Holborn. 'But why did not Langdale defend his property?' was the question. 'He had not the means,' was the answer. 'Not the means of defence?' said the prince; 'ask Angelo: he, a brewer, a fellow all his life long at cart and *herce*.'

"The prince's regiment were expecting orders for Ireland. St. Leger said that garrison duty in Dublin was irksome, and that country quarters were so squalid, that they would destroy the lace and uniforms of the regiment, which even then were remarkably rich. 'Well, then,' said the prince, 'let them do their duty as dragoons, and scour the country.'

"A heavy-heeled cavalry officer, at one of the Brighton balls, astounded the room by the peculiar *impressiveness* of his dancing. A circle of affrighted ladies fluttered over to the prince, and inquired, by what possibility they could escape being trampled out of the world by this formidable performer. 'Nothing can be done,' said the prince, 'since the war is over: then, he might have been sent back to America, as a republication of the stamp act.'

Our next choice falls on a vivid sketch of the French court at the breaking out of the revolution (1795).

"The bewildered career and unhappy fate of the Duke of Orleans are now matter of history. He was born in a hazardous time for a man of weak understanding, strong passions, and libertine principles.—The monarch but a grown child: the queen, estimable but imperious, full of Austrian 'right divine,' and openly contemptuous of the people: the court jealous, feeble, and finding no resource for its weakness but in obsolete artifice and temporary expedient: the nobility a mass of haughty idlers, a hundred and twenty thousand gamblers and intriguers, public despisers of religion and the common moral obligations by which society is held together; chiefly poor, and living on the mendicant bounty of the court; worthless consumers of the fruits of the earth, yet monopolists of all situations of honour and emolument, and by their foolish pride in the most accidental of all distinctions, birth; by their open meanness of solicitation for that last livelihood which a man of true dignity of mind would seek, a dependence on the public purse; and by their utter uselessness for any purpose but that of filling up the ranks of the army; rendered at once weary of themselves and odious to the nation. But beyond those central, projecting points in the aspect of France, those fragments of the old system of the monarchy, the politician saw a wilderness of living waves, a boundless and sullen expanse of stormy passions, furious aspirations, daring ambition, and popular thirst of slaughter; a deluge, rising hourly round the final, desperate refuge of the

state, and soon to overtop its last pinnacle. But the Duke of Orleans was not to see this consummation. He returned to France; was seized by the men of liberty; condemned without a hearing by the votaries of immaculate justice; and murdered on the scaffold by the purifiers of the crimes of lawgivers and kings. The son of that duke has now peaceably ascended the magnificent throne which dazzled the ambition of his father. Whether France will long suffer a king, may be doubtful. But, while his claim is that of the national choice, entitled, by an exertion of extraordinary courage, justice, and moderation, to the disposal of the throne; we must rejoice that France has obtained a man of virtue, and that such a man should be endowed with so illustrious an opportunity of redeeming his name, and of spreading the benefits of wisdom and power to mankind."

The prince's marriage is a subject of great embarrassment to a biographer, but Mr. Croly has extricated himself with great credit: we can only cite a small portion of his account.

"Never was there a more speaking lesson to the dissipations of men of rank, than the prince's involvements. While he was thus wearied with the attempt to extricate himself from Lady Jersey's irritations, another claimant came; Mrs. Fitzherbert was again in the field. Whatever might be her rights; since the royal marriage, at least, the right of a wife could not be included among them; but her demands were not the less embarrassing. A large pension, a handsome outfit, and a costly mansion in Park Lane, at length reconciled her to life; and his royal highness had the delight of being hampered with three women at a time, two of them prodigal, and totally past the day of attraction, even if attraction could have been an excuse; and the third complaining of neglects, which brought upon him and his two old women a storm of censure and ridicule. But the whole

narrative is painful, and cannot be too hastily passed over."

And with this we must close our review. From the extracts it will be seen that the author's style is yet remarkable for the use of epithets rarely employed by other writers in a similar way or sense; and that his favourite phrases of sterner, opulent, fierce, vigorous, masculine, trivial, &c. &c. &c., figure frequently in alliterative or sonorous construction. This we notice as a peculiarity, not as a blemish. The force and talent of the whole will be acknowledged by every reader of discernment; and a work of the kind more likely to have a popular run we can hardly imagine. If we add to its literary merits, that an excellent portrait of the king is given as a frontispiece, and that the volume is printed in Moyes's best manner, we have done our duty towards heartily recommending the *Memoir of George IV.*

The New Comic Annual for 1831. By Sir John Falstaff. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co.

FROM what we have yet seen of the *Annals* of this season (excepting the particular instances where we have expressed a different opinion, and to which instances we beg to refer), we are much inclined to think, upon the whole, that this class of publications must depend for success more upon its pictorial than its literary merits. Perhaps it may be that the novelty of such miscellanies having worn off, the contributors being almost the same year after year, and equally furnishing their efforts to several volumes, the subjects embracing little of variety, and other obvious causes, the *decies repetita non placet** one-tenth part so much as the first uprising of these annual luminaries. The mediocrity which, of necessity, must obtain possession of the mass of their pages, is a fearful drawback upon the enjoyment of readers, and

felt the more from generally being in juxtaposition with one or two, or, it may be, a greater number of exquisite productions. We get through one—two; but palling of the third demonstrates how intrinsically humble are the pretensions of all.

When we consider the great outlay upon these speculations, with new projects springing in to augment the crowd every year;* when we consider the employment they give to the arts, though eminently calculated to destroy our GREAT School of Engraving; and when we admire those parts which are really original or beautiful, we are loath to speak of the entire body in terms of disparagement. But the truth is, there must be improvement, or the plates had infinitely better be published separately, in which shape they are even now, in four cases out of five, infinitely preferable to that of their forced and ill-matched union with letter-press.

We have been led to throw this glance over the field from the aspect of the novelty before us, which is an inseparable combination of wood-cut, and such other cuts as the wit of its author could invent; so that we have had no other way of making our readers acquainted with it except by copying two or three of the former, which, to say the least, have amused us quite as much as any of the latter. The Rotten-seat (1) was susceptible, especially at the period of a general election, of far more entertaining illustration than it has received: as in the generality of cases of very violent opposition, the object at issue is lost to the contending parties. Squally (2) is a good impersonation: and the Forlorn Hope (3) a sufficiently "humorous melancholy" allegory; such as we hope never to see the British Anchor, with its Sailor King [*private mem.* Clap-trap, agreeably to the fashion of the times], reduced to recognise!



Now, with regard to the literary matter—since it must be so—we dislike the approaches to indelicacy in the Hottentot Venus, and warn the writer, that whatever may be the vices of the age, it is very fastidious on such points, and will not tolerate outward indecency in word or deed. We quote "the Waterman's Soliloquy," as one of the most favourable specimens:

"Well! things are coming to a pretty pass.
I think the end o' th' world will soon begin—
Some years ago, I used to get a glass
O' gin an' bitters—now I gets no gin,
But lots o' bitters. Now an honest man
Can't get no work—no, blow me if he can.



We shan't be able soon to see our way.
There's such a sight o' bridges building now—
And then they'll want gas lights to burn all day,
But they won't take one lighter-man in tow.
My poor old wherry's wery near worn out—
Folks never think o' taking wherries now;
And I have got the rheumatiz an' gout—
But how to get clear on 'em I don't know.
The Steamers, tho' they do make lots of smoke,
Used once to bring us many a bite an' sup;
But now—folks walk ashore—a pretty joke!
I wish them cursed quays were all locked up.
I know the time, when I've earned two-pun-ten
In sixpences, a dozen at a time:

* *Anglicè*: i. e. in English (for we would translate every thing into mother-tongue), the tenth repetition does not please.



Such days as those I ne'er shall see again—
I'm getting old—I've long been past my prime.
Then, 'cause we've got no bridges—there's Brunel
Must build one under ground—the cur'd Thames
Tunnel:
My eye—if he but knowed what I could tell,
How we contrived to make his work a'funnel!

* Here is the list for the present year:—Forget-me-Not (1833), consequently vol. 9; Friendship's Offering (1834), vol. 8; Literary Souvenir (1835), vol. 7; Amulet (1836), vol. 6; The Winter's Wreath (1837), vol. 5; Keepsake (1838), vol. 4; Bijou (1838), vol. 4; Gem (1839), vol. 3; Landscape Annual (1839), vol. 2; Iris (1839), vol. 2; Hood's Comic Annual (1839), vol. 2; Sheridan's Comic Offering, Humourist, New Comic Annual, Le Keepsake Français, The Talisman, all for 1831; besides half-a-dozen Juvenile, and half-a-dozen Musical companions.

I dare say we shall soon have on the water—
Steam omnibuses—plying for a fare:
If so—why then thank God I've lost my daughter
An' my old woman—they're a happy pair!
Things seem to be a-goin' upside down!
Carts, horses, waggons, porters with their loads,
Go under all the new bridges in town,
And arches now cross over streets an' roads.
Perhaps the Thames will be Macadamised,
And broad wheel waggons roll along like thunder;
And if they do—I shouldn't be surprised,
I've seen such strange things, nothing makes me
wonder.

Once, after plying heartily all day,
Tom Tug an' I could play a game o' skittles—
Now plying hard won't earn enough to pay
For bacca, lodgin', washin', and my wittles."

Making out a blacksmith to be a "great
sinner," on account of his forging, picking
locks, possessing many vices, hanging belles,
&c. &c., is also a tolerable *jeu d'esprit*; and
the concluding trial of Falstaff is a clever finale.
But we will finish with a flourish more per-
sonal to ourselves, and shew that "Claw me
and I'll claw you," is a motto not unworthy of
the egotism of periodical literature: thus speaks
Falstaff of the *Literary Gazette*:

"Unchanged thy museum,
GAZETTE of literature: in verse and prose—
By friends unwearied—immovable to foes,
(Not so the Lyceum)
Stanch pillars are the columns of thy journal,
And sound unto the very core the kernel,
The colonel sure—of learning's corps.

Luminous *Lit. Gaz.*
Bright as the gas-lights of these modern days,
Thy *SCRIPPS* delights the nation with essays,
Who the rare wit has
All subjects to dissect, quite liter-ary,
While the two Comics with their *lighter airy*
Scraps, do essay—to please the gay."

We should have been worse than Mohawks
not to give so civil a fellow a good word,
though, at the same time, truth and justice
have compelled us to make use of the *cuts*
direct.

*The Water Witch; or, the Skimmer of the
Seas; a Tale.* By the Author of "the
Borderers," "the Prairie," &c. 3 vols.
12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bent-
ley.

A VERY romantic but interesting narrative,
a mystery well kept up, and two or three
exciting scenes written in Mr. Cooper's best
manner, will ensure "a wet sail and a flowing
sheet" to the *Water Witch*, on the tide of
public favour. We make it a rule never to
analyse the story of a novel. First, for the
author's sake, to whose conceptions a meagre
outline can do no possible justice; secondly,
for the sake of the reader, whose pleasure is
diminished in proportion as the *dénouement* is
anticipated. But we may give a view into
the labyrinth, without exposing its mysteries.
Among the characters introduced are, a semi-
Dutch and American merchant, a very clever
and original sketch; his niece, a self-willed
beauty; and two lovers, one a young gallant
captain of the *Coquette*, the other merely Athel-
stan, from Ivanhoe, turned merchant. The
other prominent figures on the canvass are
smugglers; and here Mr. Cooper's desire for
the sublime has trampled upon the ridiculous.
The whole mummery of the *Water Witch*, a
figure at the head of the ship hence so called,
and who gives oracular answers in quotations
from Shakspeare—carries absurdity to its ex-
tent. Living in daily fear of the laws they
break—the means and temptation of intoxi-
cation constantly before them—released from
the wholesome discipline of social habit and
order—the smuggler's position is one of utter
moral debasement. But Mr. Cooper's smug-
glers are gentlemen of equally high principles,
delicate feelings, and refined taste. We believe
the secret of this lies in the commerce they

injure being British; the laws they outrage,
British also—enough, it seems, to make their
conduct meritorious in Mr. Cooper's eyes: but
of this more anon. This is a very difficult
book for quotation; the best scenes are too
long;—there is a chase through a dangerous
passage from the harbour of New York, which
is splendidly written: we will content ourselves
with a description of the *Water Witch* herself.

"It has been said that the hull of this cele-
brated smuggler was low, dark, moulded with
exquisite art, and so justly balanced as to ride
upon its element like a sea-fowl. For a little
distance above the water it shewed a blue that
vied with the colour of the deep ocean, the use
of copper being then unknown, while the more
superior parts were of a jet-black, delicately
relieved by two lines, of a straw-colour, that
were drawn, with mathematical accuracy, pa-
rallel to the plane of her upper works, and
consequently converging slightly towards the
sea beneath her counter. Glossy hammock-
cloths concealed the persons of those who were
on the deck, while the close bulwarks gave the
brigantine the air of a vessel equipped for war.
Still the eyes of Ludlow ran curiously along the
whole extent of the two straw-coloured lines,
seeking in vain some evidence of the weight
and force of her armament. If she had ports
at all, they were so ingeniously concealed as to
escape the keenest of his glances. * * * Par-
taking of the double character of brig and
schooner—the sails and spars of the forward
mast being of the former, while those of the
after-mast were of the latter construction—
seamen have given to this class of shipping the
familiar name of *Hermaphrodites*. But though
there might be fancied, by this term, some
want of the proportions that constitute seemli-
ness, it will be remembered that the departure
was only from some former rule of art, and
that no violence had been done to those uni-
versal and permanent laws which constitute
the charm of nature. The models of glass,
which are seen representing the machinery of
a ship, are not more exact or just in their
lines, than were the cordage and spars of this
brigantine. Not a rope varied from its true
direction; not a sail, but it resembled the neat
folds of some prudent housewife; not a mast
or a yard was there, but it rose into the air, or
stretched its arms, with the most fastidious
attention to symmetry. All was airy, fanciful,
and full of grace, seeming to lend to the fabric
a character of unreal lightness and speed. As
the boat drew near her side, a change of the
air caused the buoyant bark to turn, like a
vane, in its current; and as the long and
pointed proportions of her head-gear came into
view, Ludlow saw beneath the bowsprit an
image that might be supposed to make, by
means of allegory, some obvious allusions to
the character of the vessel. A female form,
fashioned with the carver's best skill, stood on
the projection of the cut-water. The figure
rested lightly on the ball of one foot, while the
other was suspended in an easy attitude, re-
sembling the airy posture of the famous *Mer-
cury* of the Bolognese. The drapery was flut-
tering, scanty, and of a light sea-green tint, as
if it had imbibed a hue from the element be-
neath. The face was of that dark bronzed
colour which human ingenuity has from time
immemorial adopted as the best medium to
portray a superhuman expression. The locks
were dishevelled, wild, and rich; the eye full of
such a meaning as might be fancied to glitter
in the organs of a sorceress, while a smile so
strangely meaning and malign played about
the mouth, that the young sailor started, when

it first met his view, as if a living thing had
returned his look."

We take a portion of one of her encounters:
the *Coquette* has followed her into a secluded
cove.

"The wind, which had so long varied, began
to be heard in the rigging of the silent brigan-
tine, and the two elements exhibited unequivocal
evidence, in their menacing and fitful col-
ours, of the near approach of the gust. The
young sailor, with an absorbing interest, turned
his eyes on his ship. The yards were on the
caps, the belling canvass was fluttering far to
leeward, and twenty or thirty human forms on
each spar, shewed that the nimble-fingered top-
men were gathering in, and knotting the sails
down to a close reef. 'Give way, men, for
your lives!' cried the excited Ludlow. A sin-
gle dash of the oars was heard, and the yawl
was already twenty feet from the mysterious
image. Then followed a desperate struggle to
regain the cruiser, ere the gust should strike
her. The sullen murmur of the wind, rushing
through the rigging of the ship, was audible
some time before they reached her side, and
the struggles between the fabric and the ele-
ments were at moments so evident, as to cause
the young commander to fear he would be too
late. The foot of Ludlow touched the deck of
the *Coquette* at the instant the weight of the
squall fell upon her sails. He no longer thought
of any interest but that of the moment; for,
with all the feelings of a seaman, his mind was
'now full of his ship. 'Let run every thing!'
shouted the ready officer, in a voice that made
itself heard above the roar of the wind. 'Clue
down, and hand! Away aloft, you top-men!
—lay out!—furl away!' These orders were
given in rapid succession, and without a trum-
pet, for the young man could at need speak
loud as the tempest. They were succeeded by
one of those exciting and fearful minutes that
are so familiar to mariners. Each man was
intent on his duty, while the elements worked
their will around him, as madly as if the hand
by which they are ordinarily restrained was for-
ever removed. The bay was a sheet of foam,
while the rushing of the gust resembled the
dull rumbling of a thousand chariots. The
ship yielded to the pressure, until the water
was seen gushing through her lee scuppers;
and her tall line of masts inclined towards the
plane of the bay, as if the end of the yards
were about to dip into the water. But this
was no more than the first submission to the
shock. The well-moulded fabric recovered its
balance, and struggled through its element, as
if conscious that there was security only in
motion. Ludlow glanced his eye to leeward.
The opening of the cove was favourably situ-
ated, and he caught a glimpse of the spars of
the brigantine, rocking violently in the squall.
He spoke to demand if the anchors were clear,
and then he was heard shouting again from his
station in the weather gang-way—'Hard
a-weather!' The first efforts of the cruiser to
obey her helm, stripped as she was of canvass,
were laboured and slow. But when her head
began to fall off, the driving scud was scarce
swifter than her motion. At that moment the
sluices of the cloud opened, and a torrent of
rain mingled in the uproar, and added to the
confusion. Nothing was now visible but the
lines of the falling water, and the sheet of
white foam through which the ship was glanc-
ing. 'Here is the land, sir!' blew the Try-
sail, from a cat-head, where he stood resem-
bling some venerable sea-god, dripping with
his native element; 'we are passing it, like a
race-horse!' 'See your bowers clear!' shouted

back the captain. 'Ready, sir, ready—' Ludlow motioned to the men at the wheel to bring the ship to the wind; and when her way was sufficiently deadened, two ponderous anchors dropped, at another signal, into the water. The vast fabric was not checked without a further and tremendous struggle. When the bows felt the restraint, the ship swung head to wind, and fathom after fathom of the enormous ropes was extracted by surges so violent as to cause the hull to quiver to its centre. But the first lieutenant and Trysail were no novices in their duty, and, in less than a minute, they had secured the vessel steadily at her anchors. When this important service was performed, officers and crew stood looking at each other, like men who had just made a hazardous and fearful experiment. The view again opened, and objects on the land became visible, through the still falling rain. The change was like that from night to day. Men who had passed their lives on the sea drew long and relieving breaths, conscious that the danger was happily passed. As the more pressing interest of their own situation abated, they remembered the object of their search. All eyes were turned in quest of the smuggler; but, by some inexplicable means, he had disappeared. 'The Skimmer of the Seas!' and 'What has become of the brigantine?' were exclamations that the discipline of a royal cruiser could not repress. They were repeated by a hundred mouths, while twice as many eyes sought to find the beautiful fabric. All looked in vain. The spot where the Water Witch had so lately lain was vacant, and no vestige of her wreck lined the shores of the cove."

We have now done with Mr. Cooper in a literary point of view. We except the mystical nonsense of the "Green Lady" and her quotations, and give the due praise to a spirited and exciting narrative. And next a few words with the author himself. In an American writer, a predilection for his own land, a wish to uphold her excellence, is not only justifiable—it is commendable: but let this be done in good faith, and not by false, malicious, and underhand attacks on another country. In every page Mr. Cooper's hostility to England breaks out: her religion, her laws, her loyalty, her national pride, are incessantly held up for ridicule and insult. A clergyman is never mentioned but to be made the subject of some such commonplace witticisms as the following, which we select from innumerable instances:—"I speak as disinterestedly as a parson preaches. * * * Your forbearance and charity might adorn a churchman," &c. The following sneer at our naval supremacy is put into the mouth of an English sailor, by whom it is unconsciously uttered:—

"The queen is right to make those rogues lower their flags to her in the narrow seas, which are her lawful property, because England, being a wealthy island, and Holland no more than a bit of bog turned up to dry, it is reasonable that we should have the command afloat. No, sir, though none of your outcriers against a man because he has had bad luck in a chase with a revenue cutter, I hope I know what the natural rights of an Englishman are. We must be masters here, Captain Ludlow—will ye, nill ye—and look to the main chances of trade and manufactures!" "I had not thought you so accomplished a statesman, Master Trysail!" "Though a poor man's son, Captain Ludlow, I am a free-born Briton, and my education has not been entirely overlooked. I hope I know something of the constitution, as well as my betters. Justice and honour

being an Englishman's mottoes, we must look manfully to the main chance. We are none of your sly talkers, but a reasoning people; and there is no want of deep thinkers on the little island; and therefore, sir, taking all together, why England must stick up for her rights!"

We can, however, excuse another nation finding British supremacy on the seas a very sore subject. A Lord Cornbury is introduced without the slightest connexion with the story, merely to represent an English nobleman as a depraved and unprincipled scoundrel. When historical personages are depicted, we are now accustomed to look for historical accuracy; and we see no reason why Queen Anne should have a cousin conjured up merely to be abused. But we have no space to prolong evidence of this invidious spirit. We think Mr. Cooper's sneers at a country which he may thank for all his literary success, are equally contemptible and ungrateful. We have only one question to ask—If, as he asserts, America has taken the lead in the march of improvement, what brings him on this side of the Atlantic? We quote his own words, and ask, "Under a system, broad, liberal, and just," as that of America, how does it happen that an American author brings out his work with an English publisher, and looks to an English public for fame and profit?—Let us, for a moment, contrast this author with his far more eminent countryman, Washington Irving: the former all fury, malignity, and abuse—committing against England the very offence of which Americans complain that English writers are guilty against their country: the latter, indulgent to the faults, and liberal to the virtues, of both countries, amiably joining the wise and patriotic number who cultivate the better feelings of humanity and international esteem.

Friendship's Offering; a Literary Album, and Christmas and New-year's Present for 1831. 12mo. pp. 408. London. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We really do think the conclusion of the preface to this work not a little grandiloquent; and must confess we are at a loss to discover in what it is so much superior to its competitors, as to expect a duration beyond theirs, or to take the lofty tone of the following proud little phrase:—"The *Friendship's Offering* is to 'impress the mind, and to assist in forming the taste, exercising the judgment, and improving the heart.'" And all this is to be done by poetry, the major part of which is mediocre, and tales which, whether for originality or amusement, are inferior to several of their predecessors. Look to the poetry first: if we except some very spirited poems by Mr. Kennedy (a most efficient contributor to this work), and three very splendid ones, evidently Croly's, there is an utter want of originality—nothing to "haunt the ear and dwell upon the heart." Next for the prose: and, first, we beg to object in general to that tale-writing principle which taking some incident from a volume of history or travels, to save the trouble of invention, wire-draws it with descriptions, and then sends it as a story to the *Annuals*—Mr. Mac Farlane's "Tale of Venice" is the fiftieth-time-told incident of a lady buried alive, and dug up again by her lover: considering this is extended to some twenty pages, it must be confessed it is made the most of. "Kishna Komari," a tale of a similar kind, is, however, much better told. "The Valley of the Shadow of Death" is a fine-sounding name for the old incident of a man hanged, and brought to life

afterwards. This occurrence seems a favourite, for there is also a story founded on it in the *Winter's Wreath*. Miss Mitford has a country story; and we must say her rural quarry seems pretty well worn out: they are like engravings, so many copies have been taken, that but a very faint impression remains of the fresh and original design. There are two Irish stories, one by Mr. Banim (the "Stolen Sheep"), the other by Mrs. S. C. Hall. The history and ballad of Auld Robin Grey are both too well known to have needed repetition. But we close our criticism by a remark on "the New Atlantis," a tale very much below Mr. Galt's powers; and surely the rare and ungrateful belief, that a savage is preferable to a cultivated state, might be left with the many other sophisms of Rousseau. We quote the two following poems; omitting Mr. Kennedy's fine ballad, as we have already given it elsewhere:

A Birth-day Ballad. By Miss Jewsbury.

"Thou art plucking spring roses, Génie,
And a little red rose art thou,
Thou hast unfolded to-day, Génie,
Another bright leaf, I trow!
But the roses will live and die, Génie,
Many and many a time,
Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Génie—
Grown into maiden prime.
Thou art looking now at the birds, Génie,
But O do not wish their wing!
That would only tempt the fowler, Génie,
Stay thou on earth and sing;
Stay in the nursing nest, Génie,
Be not soon thence beguiled,
Thou wilt ne'er find a second, Génie,
Never be twice a child.
Thou art building towers of pebbles, Génie—
Pile them up brave and high;
And leave them to follow a bee, Génie,
As he wandereth singing by:
But if thy towers fall down, Génie,
And if the brown bee is lost,
Never weep, for thou must learn, Génie,
How soon life's schemes are crost.
Thy hand is in a bright boy's, Génie,
He calls thee his sweet wee wife,
But let not thy little heart think, Génie,
Childhood the prophet of life:
It may be life's minstrel, Génie,
And sing sweet songs and clear;
But minstrel and prophet now, Génie,
Are not united here.
What wilt thy future fate be, Génie?
Alas! shall I live to see!
For thou art scarcely a sapling, Génie,
And I am a moss-grown tree!
I am shedding life's leaves fast, Génie—
Thou art in blossom sweet;
But think betimes of the grave, Génie,
Where young and old oft meet."

The Knight's Song. By W. Motherwell.

"Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
Are those dark lustrous eyes,
Through their silk fringes peering?
They love me! they love me!
Deeply, sincerely,
And more than aught else on earth
I love them dearly.
Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
Glow the glad sunny smile
On thy soft cheek appearing?
It brightens! it brightens!
When I am nearing;
And 'tis thus that thy fond smile
Is ever endearing.
Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
Is that hute-breathing voice
Which my rapt soul is hearing?
'Tis tenderly singing
Thy deep love for me,
And my faithful heart echoes
Devotion to thee.
Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing,
At each Passage of Arms,
Is the herald's bold cheering?
'Tis then thou art kneeling,
With pure hands, to heaven,
And each prayer of thy heart
For my good lance is given.
Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
Is the fillet of silk
That my right arm is wearing!"

Once it veiled the bright bosom
That beats but for me;
Now it circles the arm that
Wins glory for thee?

Essays on the Universal Analogy between the Natural and the Spiritual Worlds. Essay I. Section 2. By the Author of "Memoirs of a Deist." 8vo. pp. 357. London, 1830. Hatchard and Son.

BISHOP — (we forget his name) was wont to observe, that he never could read Butler's *Analogy*, a work remarkable for the continuous strength of its reasoning, for more than half an hour at a time, without bringing on a violent headache. In this respect, the present writer on a "universal analogy" has far out-Butlered Butler; for we defy any one (understanding is out of the question) to read the book (which it is our lamentable duty to notice, as a precaution to the public) for five consecutive minutes, without suffering from a reeling vertigo, and having their brains bewildered for the rest of the day. If, after this warning, people will look into this book, they cannot blame us for having omitted the negative part of our duty, in telling them what they ought not to read, as well as recommending what we think worthy of their attention. Lest, however, curiosity should predominate over caution, we give a short specimen, which, we do not doubt, will effectively allay, if it cannot gratify, such unpardonable propensities; at the same time, in order that the following quotation may not be too severe an infliction, we have been particular in giving the most simple and rational passage we could select.

"As the moon is so very important a personification in my allegorical sketches, that is to say, the supposed type of human reason and conscience, or the head of the earth and waters, it would be an unpardonable neglect and omission not to consider the outline of her or his analogies, as briefly touched on by Mr. Ferguson in his general view of the solar system. I have already observed, that the moon in the above view is female with respect to the sun, but male with respect to the earth; for St. Paul says, 1st of Corinthians, 'I would have you to know, that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God.' Mr. Ferguson says, chap. ii. p. 21—23, &c. 'She turns round her axis exactly in the time that she goes round the earth, which is the reason of her keeping always the same side towards us, and that her day and night, taken together, is as long as our lunar month.' That is to say, human reason is, or should be, in its conduct with respect to the rest of the human system, as our Lord was with his disciples, viz. 'He that is greatest among you let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve. For whether is greater, he that doth sit at meat, or he that serveth? But I am among you as he that serveth.' Luke xxii. Thus the moon, though superior in the system, is a satellite or attendant on the earth, and goes round it continually, as the earth goes round the sun. But though the action is similar in both cases, yet with respect to the intention of the action, it is inversely similar. For the earth goes round the sun to be enlightened, and vivified, and regulated by it; but the moon goes round the earth to enlighten, and perhaps to vivify, indirectly, but certainly to influence and regulate it in various instances. If this be applied to reason, as it influences the mind and heart, the analogy will be very obvious. Reason, though it is the guide, the governor, and king, is like a friend, or tutor, or guardian. It is a husband, an

instructor, and watchman; therefore it goes round its charge continually, to see, as it were, that all is well; and its constant vigilance is well denoted by always keeping the same side towards the earth; that is to say, the face. Yet the orbit or conduct of reason, like that of Moses, is so very meek, courteous, and obsequious, that the heart and imagination, like Miriam and Aaron, often forget that it is a guide and tutor, and mistake it for an upper servant or steward. They often rebel against his authority, and the watchman sometimes forgetting 'whose authority he hath,' and wearied by solicitation and opposition, submits weakly to this importunity, and not only relaxes in vigilance, but is half coaxed, half teased into participation, and, like Comus, submits to regulate, with his rod of divine proportions, those irregularities which he ought positively to forbid. Hence proceed the storms and disorders of the moral system. * * * Human reason, like the moon, and like the eye, though it is the organ of light, is dark in itself, and only reflects the light of the knowledge of truth, which it receives from the sun of righteousness, or that which it receives from the consideration and light of nature (both human and teraqueous) by the medium of mind and heart. For the different transparencies of the eye seem rather to symbolise the imagination than reason itself; and, in this view, the highly sensible optic nerve, derived directly from the brain (moon), and on which they impress their received and transmitted images, will be the symbol of reason and conscience. Imagination and sentiment form the vehicle, the conductor; but reason and conscience are the judges, united in one perception. The dark period of the new moon seems to denote, first, the state of reason in the infant or child. It is there. It is in the system; but the side which illumines the earth has not yet received the light of that knowledge. The other side, on which the sun then acts, is the side of sentiment or feeling. The heat of the spiritual sun, of which its rays are full, enlightens the infant reason of man by the sentiment of love, and, more generally speaking, by consciousness. Hence the sphere of human reason is divided into these two hemispheres, and its action on us is imperfect, unless it has the testimony of the heat or sensibility of conscience, as well as the light of demonstration."

Our readers are not perhaps aware by whom the longitude may be discovered: the difficulty is here solved.

"The moon's inhabitants on the side next the earth, may as easily find the longitude of their places, as we can find the latitude of ours."

Our review necessarily resolves itself into the question, Is or is not this man a *lunatic*? Sophocles, when accused by his sons of being incapable of managing his own affairs, procured a verdict in his favour by reading before his judges a tragedy he had just composed: how far the present work might go to secure for its author a contrary decision, we leave to the chancellor; before any literary tribunal, it would confoundedly puzzle any "learned brother" to shew cause why a statute of lunacy should not be issued against such a writer as the Essayist on Universal Analogy.

The Arrow and the Rose; with other Poems.

By William Kennedy. 8vo. pp. 143. London, 1830. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We can imagine many a situation in which this volume will be enjoyed: it might be read, as its hero stood, "under a pleasant chestnut tree;"

or it might pass away a November evening—so it might be enjoyed. But to be appreciated, we think the reader ought to be a professed critic, and in the habit of wading through inane tomes, numerous as the leaves of the spring, and like them, inasmuch as to-day they put forth, and to-morrow they die. Volumes whose sole inspiration must have been like that of Pope's hero—

"Some demon whisper'd, Visto have a taste;"

and of all tastes, a poetical taste is the oftenest mistaken for talent. Critics, therefore, and critics only, can do full justice to the spirit, the deep feeling, the energy, of the present work. Yet Mr. Kennedy has his faults—faults, though, more from without than from within. He has the thought, the feeling of a true poet; but he is a careless and unequal writer, and one who gives us the idea of possessing far higher powers than he has yet exerted. Now we do not like the way in which the story of the principal poem is told: there is a tone of levity quite out of keeping with the touching and romantic legend on which it is founded. We do not like a poet to sing as Cassius smiled—

"As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit!"

a simple and serious narrative ought not to be told with a sneer. We remember this very history beautifully given, though in prose, in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. Now Mr. Kennedy would have told it ten times better in poetry, for which it seems made, but for what we hold an error, or rather an affectation, in judgment. The mould of his mind, and the turn of his philosophy, appears to us essentially bitter and severe. He is too unbending to be playful; and his sarcasm has in it more of a frown than a smile. We consider Mr. Kennedy's love poetry some of the finest that ever was written—and why? because it is simple, serious, and intense: our author is too deep a thinker to be a light one—he never writes so well as when he is, or at least seems to be, in earnest. Our readers will, we trust, excuse our re-quoting two or three exquisite verses from the *Fifful Fancies*, as an illustration of our meaning, and how this story might have been treated.

"This present time, in crowded halls,

Surrounded by the gay,
I follow, in forgetfulness,
Her image far away;
And if I list a touching voice,
Or sweet face gaze upon,
'Tis but to fill my memory
With that beloved one.

For days—for months—devotedly

I've lingered by her side,
The only place I coveted
Of all the world so wide;
And in the exile of an hour,
I consolation found,
Where her most frequent wanderings
Had marked it holy ground.

I longed to say a thousand things,
I longed, yet dared not speak.
Half-hoped, half-feared, that she might read
My thoughts upon my cheek.
Then, if unconsciously she smiled,
My slight turned faint and thick,
Until, with very happiness,
My reeling heart grew sick.
O days of youth! O days of youth!
To have these scenes return,
The pride of all my riper years
How gladly would I spurn!
That form—the soul of my boy-life—
Departed, and none came
In after-time, with half the charm
Which cleaves unto her name."

Nothing can, we think, exceed the truth, beauty, and simplicity, of the above lines; and it is thus that the early love of Henry of Navarre and the beautiful peasant should have been recorded. Of the shorter poems, we can speak in terms of high praise: there is one called "Thirty Years," equally original and

striking—it has already been published, or we should quote it: we proceed to the following spirited strain:—

"The Bold Lover."

For years I adored thee,
But hope had I none,
That e'er thy proud father
Would brook such a son.
If my hand sent no token,
My lip made no sign,
To picture my passion,
The fault was not mine!
I've watched thee unwearied
In greenwood and hall,
Unseen by thy kindred,
Thy woosers, and all;
Though men cried, a marvel!
I worshipped thee, where
The knees of the holy
Were bending in prayer.
I've looked to thy window
In stillness of night,
And longed for the wings
Of the happy moon-light:
It flew to thy chamber,
And slept on thy brow,
Entranced by thy beauty,
As I, sweet, am now!
In secret I burned
For moment like this,
To know if my portion
Be torture or bliss:
'Tis speaking a word, and
Our meeting is o'er—
'Tis speaking a word, and
We part never more!
To win thy gray father,
I've no patch of earth;
To match thy high brothers,
I've no musty birth.
Let the rich call me beggar,
The titled a churl—
My blade is as true as
The sword of an earl.
Thou shalt not lack honour,
Thou shalt not need land,
While there's wit in this head,
Or strength in this hand.
And better than jewels,
Or old pedigree,
Sole queen of my bosom
Enthroned thou shalt be!
My steed grows impatient,
And paws at the gate!
He frets for bright moments
That fly as we wait.
He tells me, ere morning,
Far, far I must ride,
To lead to the altar
A fugitive bride."

We must find room for "A New-Year Ode."

"Thou art gone, Old Year, to thy fathers,
In the stormy time of snow,
In the endless vaults of Eternity,
Thy coffin's last of the row.
And some will pledge thy memory,
'Till eyes and cups run o'er;
But never a drop would I waste on thee,
Hadst thou died six months before!
Sad cause have I to remember
The hour you shewed your face—
That time the red gold lined my pouch,
My credit was in good case;
Now my purse is a feather—and credit
Is sped of a quick decline,
O it breaks my heart when, perforce, I pass
Mine old host's jolly sign!
I had a dear love and a winsome love,
Broad acres were her own,
We kiss'd an all-hall! to thy natal morn,
But she, even she, is flown!
I had a friend of the rarest,
We welcomed it merrily;
Now our hearts are as far asunder
As the stars and the rolling sea.
Thou hast play'd the churl with me, dead Year!
And shalt thou be forgiven?
No—by the prayer of beardless young,
When erring maid is shriven!
Be thy name no more remembered,
For the ill deeds thou hast done,
To a friendless, loveless, penniless man,
Whose hopes are in thy son!"

We conclude with the following poem.

"A Last Remembrance."

I never more shall see thee
Except as now I see,
In musings of the midnight hour,
While fancy revels free!
I'll never hear thy welcoming,
Nor clasp thy thrilling hand,
Nor view thy home, if e'er again
I hail our common land.

I have thee full before me—
Thy mild, but mournful eye,
And brow as fair as the cold moon
That hears thy secret sigh.
There are roses in thy window,
As when I last was there;
But where hath fled the matchless one
Thy young cheek used to wear!
Though parted, maid—long parted,
And not to meet again—
One star hath ruled the fate of both,
And seared our hearts with pain;
And though before the altar
I may not call thee bride,
Accept a token of the bond
By which we are allied.
I've found for thee an emblem
Of what hath fallen on me—
A leafless branch that lately crowned
A lightning-stricken tree:
Torn from the pleasant stem it loved,
The severing scar alone
Remains to shew that e'er it grew
Where it for years had grown.
For pledges of affection
I'll give thee faded flowers,
And thou shalt send me withered leaves
From Autumn's naked bowers;
The tears of untold bitterness
I'll drink instead of wine,
Carousing to thy broken peace—
Do thou as much for mine!
When'er a passing funeral
Presents its dark array,
For thee, my maiden desolate!
I will not fail to pray.
Beneath the quiet coffin-lid
'Twere better far to sleep,
Than live to nurse the scorpion Care
Within thy bosom deep.
The midnight wind is grieving—
It's melancholy swell
Doth make it meet to bear to thee
Thy lover's last farewell!
Farewell, pale child of hopelessness!
'Tis something still to know,
That he who cannot claim thy heart,
Partakes of all its woe."

We close Mr. Kennedy's pages with present pleasure and future anticipation—he is a poet, if thought, feeling, and originality, can make one; and of such a foundation we say, as Hamilton says of the gardens of Florence—
"And there the laurel grows, that hallow'd tree."

The Iris; a Religious and Literary Offering.
Edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale. London,
1831. S. Low; Hurst, Chance, and Co.

A VERY inferior production. If we except a "Visit to Beachy Head," by Mr. Chauncey Hare Townsend, and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Curse of Property," there is nothing else which rises to mediocrity. The first of these is most gracefully written, though the writer, we think, has rather given the hero his own keen and imaginative feelings, than those most likely to be possessed by a man on the preventive service. We especially dislike such stories as "Nathan and David," "Mount Moriah," and "Abraham." These sacred morals can never be improved. The narratives of the Scripture are best told in their own simple and energetic language; and may be turned to much better account than being made the staple of wire-drawn stories for an Annual.

Constable's Miscellany. Vol. LIX. The third and last volume of Bourrienne's Memoirs of Buonaparte. By Dr. Memes. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.: London, Hurst and Co. DR. MEMES is unlucky in his notice prefixed to this volume, challenging the world for the authenticity of its details, as if they were superior to those in the preceding narrative; whereas it is well known to those most competent to judge, that, high as Bourrienne deservedly stands as furnishing materials for history, it is particularly in the earlier parts of

* As critics are expected to know every thing, we beg leave to say, we are aware that Hamilton is only the *nom de guerre* of a clever writer—Mr. John Reynolds.

his revelations that he is most worthy of credit. In fact, after he left the person of Buonaparte he could not have access to the same spring-head, and therefore his intelligence could not be so immaculate as before. We do not, however, (after all we have said in praise of these Memoirs,) mean to impeach their general veracity; only to state the fact, that towards their close there is more of the working of the publishers' laboratory superinduced than there is upon the preceding volumes. Still, to the very end, the work is most valuable and interesting, in spite of the interpolations of the journeymen *littérateurs* of M. L'Avocat. Before saying good-by to Dr. Memes, we should notice, that his keeping the Duc de Bourbon (Condé) alive, in the Appendix, p. 413, so long after his mysterious, yet notorious death, ought not to have escaped without a memorandum of correction.

Chartley; or, the Fatalist. By a Contributor to Blackwood. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Bull.

THE story is improbable and unconnected, the moral decidedly bad, and the *dénouement* a common-place collection of horrors. If the writer has contributed to Blackwood, now that he stands alone, even Blackwood's name can contribute nothing to him.

Old Booty, or the Devil and the Baker: a serio-comic Sailor's Tale. By W. T. Moncrieff, Esq.; with six wood-cuts by R. Cruikshank. London, 1830. W. Kidd.

WE are a-wearying of these diableries. The legend of *Old Booty's* ghost in its flight to Strombolo is a good galley-yarn in prose, which Mr. Moncrieff has not improved by paraphrasing into verse in imitation of Scott. The cuts do not possess any novelty of invention; but as the "article" is a very cheap one, a shilling, we suppose it may go with the rest.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.
GERMAN NATURALISTS.

[A fortnight ago we briefly noticed the proceedings of this association at their fourth and last public meeting, held at Hamburg (see L. G., page 637); since which we have been favoured by an intelligent correspondent on the spot with a more particular account of this body, its objects, and proceedings. We subjoin the communication, as one of considerable interest, both to the general and scientific reader.]

THERE is formed in Germany a general association of Naturalists and Theraputists, for the interchanging of knowledge, the discussing of speculations, and the stimulating of research. All those who have any pretensions whatever to be included under either of the above classes, are invited yearly, by some one or other of the German governments, to assemble within its dominions, where they are entertained at great cost. Public sittings are held, lectures and papers are communicated, discoveries are promulgated, and works are conjointly undertaken by various members. Such a union of the learned, promises, at first sight, to work wonders in the furtherance of science. From some yet unexplained cause, however, joint-stock-wisdom companies have hitherto uniformly failed to realise the expectations of their projectors: perhaps the fault lies with those who expect too much, and calculate after the manner of the two travellers who, having a journey of ten miles to perform, proposed to lighten the undertaking by each going five.

The services which Germany has rendered to science and philosophy are eminent, and have received their full meed of distinction. But her many-titled schoolmen, not content

with this, would arrogate to themselves a right to hold the learned of all other lands cheap, and would have all tongues and all nations bend the knee of deference before them. Arrogance is either the stamp of a small mind, or the assumed robe of impudent empiricism: what pretensions, however, the German philosophers have to be placed over others may, in some degree, be judged of from the report of the meeting of *Natur Forscher*, lately held at Hamburg. The public sittings were four in number, and the things therein said and done were as follow:—

The venerable Dr. Bartels, burgomaster of Hamburg, assumed the chair, and opened the proceedings by an address, in which he disclaimed the title of naturalist or mediciner, but was happy to welcome his learned guests. He and his fellow-citizens, he said, lived by the sweat of their brows in industrial pursuits; nevertheless, as all science is directed to the advancement of the economy of life, and as they were practical enjoyers of life's good things to a great extent, they were, of course, deeply interested in the success of scientific labours. Some of the illustrious sages present seemed to take this for a bit of wicked wit of the old burgomaster's.

Professor Struve, of Dorpat, drew a comparison between the state of astronomical science in the countries of Europe, in which he placed Germany at the top of the list, conferred the second rank on Russia, and set down France and England together at the bottom. For the German instrument makers, too, he claimed the prize. But, as he communicated no new discoveries of the Germans, and failed to point out the errors of the French and English for rectification, his estimate rests as his dictum.*

Professor Wendt, of Breslaw, struck upon a subject of genuine German growth and character—the phenomena of animal magnetism,—in the miraculous character of which he seemed to be a devout believer, being unable to render any physiological explication of them. Fearful was the interest with which his gaping-mouthed auditory listened to his details. He told of individuals who, under the magnetic influence, received the gift of tongues, of prophecy, and of divination; of patients who gave an oracular diagnosis of their malady, foretold its issue, and prescribed remedies; and of persons who were enabled to decipher sealed manuscripts with their fingers and toes. He told also of magnetisers who, in attempting the process of manipulation on too robust subjects, had themselves become charged with the magnetic fluid, and had fallen victims to their experiments. It would take up much space to enumerate all the cases, said to be thoroughly well attested, which he recounted: they were, however, sufficient to excite a strong curiosity to investigate some of these singular instances of delusion or imposture. The professor, in the course of his remarks, admitted that the magnetic influence was strongest on persons of imbecile mind; and was of opinion that the renowned seeress of Revorst had been plunged into irreclaimable insanity by its operation. He concluded by warning people against dabbling in riddles and affairs of death, by practices which are at least a tempting of the Almighty, and a trifling with human life.

The second sitting was opened by State-counsellor Derstedt, of Copenhagen, who entered upon the application of mathematics in

* We met Professor Struve at Sir James South's, only a few weeks ago; and should have thought that the impression of his reception there, and what he witnessed, would have made him speak differently of English science! —Ed. L. G.

natural philosophy; and predicated, after the manner of Mr. Brougham, "that, in order to estimate thoroughly the pleasures and advantages to be derived from any particular science, it is necessary to become acquainted with that science." He dwelt on the expanding effect which the contemplation of our revolving system has upon our grasp of mind; and alluded to the surmises which have been started of our universe being but a rotating portion of ulterior systems; and recommended, as a mental exercise, the following out of these surmises, and the extending of imagination's scan beyond the infinity of space, where no bounds coop the daring speculator. This is a choice specimen of the sort of bewilderment which the German schools take for vastness of idea. It reminds us only of the fancies of little children, who amuse themselves by imagining that their stomachs are inhabited, and that worlds exist in the atoms of their bread and butter.

Professor Wilbrand, of Giessen, in a lecture of more rational tone, gave himself vast trouble to prove that the cause of the tides has not been satisfactorily explained; for which phenomena, he, too, was unable to account.

Professor Pfaff, of Kiel, produced some preparations from the coffee berry, which he intended to try as a substitute for bark and quinine. When his preparations shall have been put to the test, their importance can be appreciated. This gentleman found much favour with his hearers, by the humour of his delivery.

At the third sitting, Dr. Simon, of Hamburg, pronounced a panegyric on the art of medicine. It was expected that he was about to propose an augmentation of the paltry fees bestowed on German physicians; but he had no practical aim, and was heard with impatience. The rest of the time was occupied with matters of business, during which Vienna was fixed on as the place of the next year's meeting.

At the fourth and last sitting, Dr. Stierling read an animated essay on the retributive powers of justice. He justified the introduction of such a subject by quoting from Descartes, that many of the moral phenomena received light from being treated in a medical view. His aim was to abolish the vindictive, and substitute the penitential system with criminals.

Dr. Stinzing, of Altona, read the details of a plan for publishing a great physiological work, in periodical parts, under the joint direction of their most eminent members. The matter remains for consideration.

A proposal was made to petition the King of England and the East India Company for extension of furlough to Dr. Wallich, of Calcutta, in order to enable him to complete his *Flora Indiensis*. We should have thought it better to address themselves to one party only, lest his majesty of St. James's and their majesties of Leadenhall Street should not be unanimous in the matter. The usual thanks-voting followed, and the philosophers dispersed.

A fuller account than our summary presents would only exhibit more conspicuously the futility of the paraded doings of these wise men of the world. We do not mean to say that there is more fee-saw-fumming at their sittings than at the sittings of *Académies* and Royal Societies, but we affirm that there is no less. The German philosophers get the meed of praise freely accorded to them where it is really due; but, with all our respect for them, we must tell them—

"In verity, ye're no such Sophi,
As ye would have the world think of ye."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE ART OF BOOK-MAKING:

A New Branch of the Cut-and-Dry System!!!

WE have been a good deal amused this week by a little discovery that has come across us, as the silver candlesticks got into the Jew's pocket—by accident. We are not sure whether the device may not have been resorted to in order to perpetuate copyright by a kind of secret renewal; but, be that as it may, we consider it to be our duty to exhibit the case, were it only for an example to other writers.

In our No. 709, August 21, we reviewed a novel called "*The Separation*," by the author of "*Flirtation*," i. e. Lady Charlotte Bury; and we said, truly, that, though the style was of the slip-slop class, the story was lively and amusing. Well, we were fairly imposed upon; and, as we helped to gull the public, we come now to explain our share of the transaction, which amounted either to the sin of forgetfulness,* or of original ignorance. We did not know, or had forgotten, that the new novel of SEPARATION was only an old novel with a new name; and that, in fact, the three volumes were no other than "*SELF-INDULGENCE*," a tale of the nineteenth century," in two volumes, published in 1812, by G. R. Clarke, of Edinburgh, and Messrs. Longman and Co., of London!!

We have seen a funny kind of mill, into which if you tumbled an old man, he came out ground quite young; but this is the first time we knew of such a machine for grinding old books into new! It can be done, however; as a comparison of these two publications will demonstrate. The whole story is identical in both from page 88, Vol. I. in *Self-Indulgence*, and page 121, Vol. I. of *The Separation*, to the end: the names carefully rechristened, a slight change of words here and there, and the introduction of a few dialogues to spin the work out to the necessary length, as to price, are all the difference! We presume *Self-Indulgence* to be an anonymous production of Lady Charlotte Bury, when Lady Charlotte Campbell; but even with this allowance, can there be any excuse for palming the same thing upon the public, at the distance of eighteen years, as an entirely new novel? For our parts we consider it most disingenuous and discreditable; and, for the publisher's sake, we trust to have a letter from him for our next *Gazette*, disavowing any cognizance of the trick, and stating what sum he may have paid for the old-new *refinement* of *Self-Indulgence*.† What adds to our dislike of this

* We often find memory, we must confess, a fond deceiver; and our having forgotten a sonnet of Shakespeare's once, has furnished food for some of our pleasant contemporaries to rail at us ever since. If they knew all, they might change their subject: we were on one occasion, for instance, inveigled into praising an epigram as the best thing in the world, perfectly unaware that we had ourselves written it some years before. But it is part of the curious phenomena of memory (at least with us), that, owing to the multiplicity and variety of matters which pass rapidly through the mind, the impressions are so faint, that they are immediately lost in oblivion. If our lives depended upon it, we could not tell what appeared in the *Literary Gazette* a fortnight ago; it has been, by the mere act of being printed, discharged from our memory.—Ed. L. G.

† We are convinced that Mr. Colburn must have been unconscious of the trick; for we find the following preparatory announcement (which also ran the usual course of the newspapers) in the *New Monthly Magazine* for August, which is also his publication, and which could not have sanctioned the utterance of such a paragraph had he been aware of the truth:—

"The report which has gone about regarding the work entitled *The Separation*, namely, that the story is connected with the noble authoress's former tale of *Flirtation*, is not correct. The present subject is, we understand, one of more than ordinary excitement; its incidents are said to be in themselves strictly true, not merely founded in fact; and the cause of the peculiar interest which it is

job, is the apparent cunning with which it seems to have been performed. Why the publications look dissimilar at the opening, is, that a London party of the last season is introduced into *Separation*; and a country clergyman's family, from whom Lord Fitzharris in the one story (the Mr. Donneraile of the other), goes to the continent; and in *Separation* he does not contract his second marriage till the second volume, whereas in *Self-Indulgence* he marries at the beginning; and the narrative takes a retrospect of some three years! The Lenora of the new is the Corissande (a name not ready enough to slip from remembrance) of the old. Thus, except the first hundred pages of *Separation*, to which a modern air has been given; and the squeezing in of make-weights with the chit-chat of some fashionable parties, the two works are exactly the same!

What will John Bull's lady-reader say to this? We cannot tell: only we think it worse than a hoax upon our worthy friends of the circulating libraries, our Hookhams, Ebers', Andrews', Cawthorns, Sams', Saunders and Otleys, Lloyds, Bulls, Hodgsons, Booths, Bowdery and Kirbys, Chapples, Stewarts, Rices, &c. &c. &c., and their customers. *Imprimis*, the former must have paid blindly for a book already long dusty on their shelves, which is laughable enough: and, *secundo*, the latter, instead of borrowing the said dusty tomes at the usual rate of such ware, a penny a piece, like old ballads, must have given threepence and fourpence *per diem* for the loan of the newest of the novelties of the season, written by a titled lady, and the author of *Flirtation*! To be sure, one would not suspect an individual moving in this sphere of life, a sphere in which honour and principle are supposed to be peculiarly delicate, of prostituting name, rank, and character, to an unworthy deception; but really there is so much roguery in the literary world now-a-days, that we hardly know to what length *self-indulgence* may be carried; and can only do our best to promote a *separation* between the right and the wrong.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of the Friendship's Offering, for 1831.

THE embellishments of the forthcoming volume of the *Friendship's Offering* comprehend a very agreeable variety of portraits, landscapes, and domestic, historical, and poetical compositions.

Adelaide. Painted by C. R. Leslie, R.A.; engraved by W. Humphrys. Elegant and lady-like. The harmony of the features promises a correspondent harmony of notes.—*The last Look*. Painted by J. Porter; engraved by T. A. Dean. A pleasing composition; but we wish we could prevail upon some of our engravers not to aim at so much depth. Force is an excellent quality, but not so blackness.—*The Maid of Rajasthan*. Painted by Colonel James Tod; engraved by E. Finden. Exceedingly rich and beautiful. We long to read the tale of which it is the illustration; and hope that it may equal the plate in merit.—*The Rejected*. Painted by F. P. Stephanoff; engraved by J. Goodyear. Conceived with spirit and taste; but the figures are sadly deficient in proportion. *The confidante* and the dis-

understood Lady Charlotte Bury has imparted to the work is to be traced to a 'certain case' in the 'great world,' which took place a few years ago, and which was more industriously than successfully attempted to be concealed.

carded lover are each at least fourteen heads high.—*The Accepted*. Painted by M. W. Sharp; engraved by C. Rolls. Lucky dog, to carry off so sweet a prize!—*The Mountain Torrent*. Painted by W. Purser; engraved by E. Goodall. One of the finest plates in the collection. The scene would be one of great magnificence, even were it exhibited under circumstances of less appalling interest.—*St. Mark's Place, Venice*. Painted by S. Prout; engraved by E. J. Roberts. Clear and sunny.—*Ascanius in the Lap of Venus*. Painted by J. Wood; engraved by S. Davenport. A delightful mode of travelling! What are your rail-ways and steam-engines to a fine, fleecy cloud, with a fair breeze? Mr. Wood is exceedingly happy in subjects of this description.—*Mary, Queen of Scots, going forth to Execution*. Painted by J. Stephanoff; engraved by R. Baker. Guilty, or innocent, who can read the history of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary without the deepest compassion? To see so lovely a being about to expiate her alleged offences with her life, is an affecting spectacle.—*Hall of the Caravan*. Painted by W. Purser; engraved by R. Brandard. A splendid little plate, in which all the rich materials which such an incident furnishes, are used to the greatest advantage.—*Auld Robin Gray*. Painted by J. Wood; engraved by H. Rolls. Another of the black school. But for that blemish, a well-managed and interesting group.—*Poesie*. Painted by Carlo Dolci; engraved by W. Finden. Mr. Finden has preserved great breadth and mellowness in this fine head.

Illustrations of the Juvenile Forget Me Not, for 1831.

THEY are nine in number; and the selection of subjects reflects great credit on Mrs. Hall's judgment and taste.

Docility. Painted by A. Robertson; engraved by J. Thomson. Attention and intelligence—when combined how irresistible!—powerfully expressed in the countenance of a fine girl, of eight or ten years of age.—*The Nut-cracker*. Painted by H. Howard, R.A.; engraved by W. Greatbach. A well-built and pleasing composition. The nut-cracker is a favourite squirrel.—*Hebe*. Painted by R. Westall, R.A.; engraved by F. Engleheart. What so appropriate an embellishment of a book for youth as the goddess of youth? The figure is full of grace; and the effect is spirited and forcible.—*Me (I) and my Dog*. Painted by H. Moses; engraved by W. C. Edwards. Two happy creatures: it would be difficult to say which is the more so.—*The Travelling Tinnman*. Painted by C. R. Leslie, R.A.; engraved by C. Rolls. There is something singularly striking and original in this clever little production.—*The Twin Sisters*. Painted by W. Boxall; engraved by W. Greatbach. Mr. Boxall is an artist of high talent. He has preserved a Sir Joshua-like breadth in this affectionate and graceful group.—*The Roman Beggar*. Painted by P. Williams; engraved by F. Bacon. We believe that the drawing, or rather the painting, (for so it is entitled to be called), from which this little print has been engraved, was in the last Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colours. The peculiarity of the costume gives it a very picturesque appearance.—*The Foundling*. Painted by F. P. Stephanoff; engraved by H. Rolls. If there be any one object for which human sympathy ought to be more powerfully excited than for any other, it is deserted infancy.—*The Bird's Nest*. Painted by W. Collins, R.A.; engraved by W. C. Ashby.

Mr. Collins imparts great interest to the most trifling incident. One of the lucky finders seems to be generously pleading for the restoration of the nest: we hope his arguments will prevail.

Illustrations of the Remembrance, for 1831.

OF the pictorial decorations of the *Remembrance*, the most attractive will, no doubt, be the portrait of

The Queen. Painted by Mrs. Green; engraved by —. In that elegant branch of the arts which she professes—miniature painting—there is no one who has shewn more talent and taste, a stronger painter's feeling, greater vigour, and, at the same time, greater delicacy of drawing, a more rich and mellow tone of colour, and a higher power of finishing, than Mrs. Green. It is very gratifying to have a portrait of her majesty by such a hand. The sweetness of expression which beams from the eyes, and which accords so well with the amiability of character universally attributed to our present gracious queen, is a satisfactory pledge of the correctness of the resemblance. The composition of the figure is simple and unaffected; the drapery is skillfully managed, and the effect of the whole is exceedingly pleasing.

Some of the most prominent of the other embellishments are, *Windsor Castle*, engraved by H. Wallis, from a drawing by W. H. Bartlett; *the Orphans*, engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by W. Gill, (very interesting, but sadly too dark and heavy); *Warwick Castle*, engraved by H. Wallis, from a drawing by W. H. Bartlett; *John Gilpin*, engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by T. Stothard, R.A. &c.

Illustrations of the Landscape Annual for 1831.

WHAT are among the chief inducements to a visit to Rome, or to Venice? The works of Michael Angelo and Raffaele in the former, and of Titian in the latter. This is the peculiar triumph of the artist; and a noble and patriotic triumph it is. The compositions of the poet may be read any where; but the great painter or sculptor compels those who would enjoy his *chef-d'œuvre* to repair to the spot on which they were produced. It is only at the Vatican in the one city, or the Palace of the Doges in the other, that the wonderful powers of the celebrated men whom we have mentioned can be justly appreciated. By a very natural association of ideas, every thing that relates to either of those cities becomes interesting to the lover of the arts. The proprietors of the *Landscape Annual* have provided ample gratification for this feeling in no fewer than ten views of Rome, and ten of Venice; besides six in other parts of Italy. They are all from the pencil of Mr. Prout (whose skill in the delineation of such subjects is unrivalled); and are engraved by Messrs. Allen, Barber, Brandard, Carter, Higham, Jeavons, Jordan, Kernott, Lewis, Miller, Redaway, Smith, Tombleson, Wallis, Westwood, Willmore, and Woolnoth. Among the most pleasing of these plates are, "the Rialto," "the Mocenigo Palace," "St. Mark's Church," "the Piazzetta," at Venice; "the Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo," "the Temple of Peace," "the Forum," "the Temples of Vesta and Fortuna Virilis," "the Temple of Mars Ultor," at Rome; "the Sibyl's Temple at Tivoli," "Civita Castellana," "the Cascade at Terni," &c.

* Our plate is before the letters, so that, unluckily, we cannot give the artist's name.

A Series of Subjects, from the Works of the late R. P. Bonington. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding. Part IV. Carpenter and Son.

We regret to say that this is the last Number of the series. Besides an admirable head of Bonington, from a picture by Mrs. William Carpenter, it contains a highly characteristic *Vignette*, from a drawing in the possession of the Right Hon. Lord Northwick;—*An Albanian*, from a sketch in oil, in the possession of Lord Charles Townshend;—*A View on the French Coast*, from a picture in the possession of Lord Charles Townshend;—*The Pont Royal, at Paris*;—*A Sea View*, from a sketch in the possession of E. Hull, Esq.; and *A Coast Scene*, from a picture in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Rutland. They all manifest more or less of those high qualities alluded to by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the following extract (appropriately introduced into the title-page of the work) from a letter written by him to Mrs. Forster, the daughter of Mr. Banks, the sculptor:—

"Alas! for Bonington! your presage has been fatally verified; the last duties have been paid to him this day. Except in the case of Mr. Harlowe, I have never known in my own time the early death of talent so promising, and so rapidly and obviously improving. If I may judge from the later direction of his studies, and from the remembrance of a morning's conversation, his mind seemed expanding every way, and ripening into full maturity of taste and elevated judgment, with that generous ambition which makes confinement to lesser departments in the art painfully irksome and annoying."

Six Views of the Columbine, and the Experimental Squadron. Drawn and engraved by Henry Moses. Published by the Artist.

EVERY thing that tends to the maintenance of our maritime superiority must be gratifying to the true Englishman; for, without meaning for an instant to derogate from our military glory, it is evident that the navy of this country will ever be her best bulwark against foreign aggression. In that point of view, as well as with reference to their intrinsic merit, these plates are very interesting. They are engraved in aquatinta, with Mr. Moses' usual taste and skill. We regret, however, that they are not accompanied by a brief letter-press description.

Juliet. Engraved in mezzotint by W. Say, from a drawing by Miss Fanny Corboux. Ackermann.

At the moment of the fair young Capulet's hesitation and alarm, which immediately precedes her swallowing the opiate:

"What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured,
Because he married me before to Romeo?"

There is great feminine elegance in the figure; and the composition of the drapery and other accessories is full of taste.

The Vicar of Wakefield. Engraved by J. Burnett, from a picture by G. S. Newton, A.R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

It was, we believe, in the Exhibition of 1828, that Mr. Newton gratified the public by the production of his admirable little picture. It occurred to us at the time that, if well engraved, it would make a highly popular print: it has been well engraved, and we have no doubt that our anticipation with respect to its general attraction will be verified. Mr. Burnett, besides the technical skill which he has

shewn in the execution of this plate, has faithfully retained all the variety of expression by which the original is characterised. Mrs. Primrose's immobility of countenance, the earnest and affectionate entreaty of Sophia, and the surprise and dismay of the children, are peculiarly fine. We should like to see a series of subjects from this unrivalled tale, by these able artists.

A Specimen of Ink Lithography. R. Martin.

WHAT the process called Ink Lithography is, we do not distinctly know; but this specimen is an extremely curious specimen of the art. It is a sort of pasticcio, exhibiting almost every kind of engraving; and evinces capabilities which few could suppose lithography to possess. Landscape, portrait, topography, manuscript, zoology, anatomy, armour, and other inanimate objects, architecture, &c. &c. &c. are all cleverly done; and we think the resemblance to line engraving the closest we have ever seen. On the whole, we look upon this experiment to be as important as it is novel. The lithographic press seems to be making vast strides forward to a power and perfection not dreamed of only a few years ago.

The Cottage. Engraved in line by — Richardson, after a drawing by D. Cox. H. Leggat, Cornhill.

It is the privilege of the artist, the poet, and the amateur, to derive their pleasures from "whatever is awfully vast or elegantly little." In the latter view we consider this gem-like performance. The spirit and character of its execution, with the truth of nature in its delineation, render it worthy of a place in the folio of the collector, or over the mantel of the man of taste.

Scene on the Brent. Engraved in mezzotint by C. Turner, after the original by W. Collins, R.A. H. Leggat, Cornhill.

SCENES like these are alike sources of pleasure and profit to the artist and the angler: to the first they come recommended by their picturesque character, and to the latter as affording the chance of sport. It is loosely but spiritedly executed; and the effect is sparkling and brilliant.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Love's Offering; or, Songs for Happy Hours, for 1831. Poetical Department by W. N. Bayley, Esq.; Musical by Evelyn Manners; Pictorial by Gauci. London, 1830. Wybrow.

THIS is the first that we have seen of the musical Annuals which are in preparation; and of which it appears that we are to have a plentiful crop. It is a very pretty volume, beautifully printed and embellished; and its perusal has given us, on the whole, considerable pleasure. The poetry (all from one pen) is smooth and agreeable, consisting chiefly of a kind of sentimental small-talk, of which the "Lover's Invitation to Dance" is a very fair specimen. It concludes thus:—

"And when music shall have ceased,
And the gay quadrille is over,
I will whisper in thine ear
With the soft voice of a lover:—
Dearest! little love has ties
That the dark world cannot sever;
In the gallopade of life,
Join with me, and dance for ever."

We confess we are somewhat partial to this sort of song-writing; for it pleases the ear and the fancy, while it is guiltless of exciting or disturbing the feelings. A song by Mrs.

Hemans or L. E. L. is apt to interfere sometimes with that gaiety of heart which should animate the drawing-room; and therefore such love-lyrics as those before us, the singing of one of which will not damp the spirit of the next quadrille, are infinitely useful. Though this is the general character of the poetry in the volume, there is one song in a deeper tone of feeling, entitled "Long ago," and set to an unpublished air by Weber. The music is well suited to the verse. It is neither striking, learned, nor original; but the melodies glide on very smoothly, and have correct and unaffected accompaniments; and, what is a great merit, the words are well accented. As a whole, the best song is, "She sings in fairy bowers," the poetry of which is very happily united to a well-known but graceful air of Rossini. The unpublished melody of Weber exhibits no marks of the genius of that great artist, except in the accompaniment, which is masterly. The volume contains a few popular songs arranged for the guitar, an instrument clearly becoming more and more fashionable; and a set of quadrilles. The "pictorial department" consists of several very soft and pretty lithographic engravings.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

ON Saturday the *Barber of Seville* introduced Mr. Latham, from Dublin, to these boards, as *Figaro*; and a very smart and clever *débüt* he made, both as a singer and actor. In the latter capacity, with Liston and Harley at the same theatre, and pre-occupying much of his line of parts, we do not see a great opening for his talent; but, from the specimen we have had of it, we are sure that it will afford entertainment whenever it is exercised. Smart, lively, and bustling, he went through the *Barber* entirely to the satisfaction of the audience; and not only in the songs, but concerted pieces, proved himself an adept in the *Figaro* style of singing, and a good musician, with a very pleasing and sufficient organ. Mr. Latham was a great favourite in Dublin; and, if opportunities are given, will soon establish himself in the same gratifying position in London. Miss S. Phillips played *Rosina*; but, as may be gathered from our observations on the *Duenna* at Covent Garden, not at all to our taste. We fancy she never could have heard the term *simplicity* mentioned; for really some of her efforts were not merely ornamented—they were all ornament, nothing but ornament. She must correct this vice. T. Cooke was *Almaviva*—not much of a Count, but admirable in the music.

On Monday last, after an absence of two years, Macready re-appeared as *Virginius*—a character long since considered his own. To this monopoly, to judge from the enthusiastic manner in which their favourite was welcomed, and the unusual warmth with which the pre-eminence of his claims were acknowledged, the public seem very willing to submit. We never witnessed a more decided development of the "popularis aura," than when Macready, after a modest delay of five minutes, obeyed the "call of the house," to come forward, and make his bow, in return for the waving of hats and handkerchiefs and the exclamations of the audience. This must have been deeply gratifying. We think his acting even more energetic than formerly; though this effect may have been produced upon us by the circumstance of his absence. The gradual rising in the tones of his voice are winning, and carry along the hearer with highly-wrought

expectation of the climax: at the same time we must observe, the sudden and too frequent transitions from the high pitch of declamation to an almost inaudible whisper, may be stage-effective, but strike somewhat too abruptly upon the tympanum, to be either pleasing or advisable. Indeed, Macready does not seem sufficiently aware, that his acting needs not the foreign aid of professional artifice, and that he cannot suffer adscititious display to obtain, without proportionably diverging from nature. The tragedy was ably supported. The declamation of *Leilus* before the decemvir gave scope for the abilities of Wallack; and the dry sarcasm of the veteran *Siccus* gained from the delivery of Cooper—the diversity of this performer's talents is very great, and render his utility invaluable. Miss Philips looked the beautiful Roman maiden, and submitted to being killed with becoming decorum; the insipidity of *Virginia* was diminished as much as possible, and we regretted the little opportunity afforded by the character for the display of the powers possessed by this actress. The Roman rabble were some of the most extraordinary representatives of the "plebs" that can be well imagined. The people, under whose direction such things fall, should not suffer the attempted buffoonery of these underlings to convert the parts of the tragedy in which they are concerned into a farce.

His Majesty has announced his intention of visiting Drury Lane on Thursday next. This is good news for the drama; Covent Garden, of course, will follow.

COVENT GARDEN.

WE had no fewer than three musical *débuts* last Saturday—two at Covent Garden, and one at Drury Lane. The piece at Covent Garden was the *Duenna*—the part of *Clara* by a young lady, whose name has since been announced as Miss E. Romer: and *Carlos* by Mr. Wilson, from the Edinburgh Theatre. The *Duenna* is a delightful little comedy, somewhat farcical in its incidents, but sparkling with wit and satire, and exceedingly amusing; but its pretensions as an opera are exceedingly small. The best part of the music consists of Scotch and Irish ballads, the introduction of which is a gross absurdity. In a Spanish piece, to hear Spanish lovers and Spanish damsels breaking out into "Gramachree Molly," and "the Highland Laddie;" and to see that preposterous absurdity received as a matter of course by the audience, is a proof of the low state of music in England as an intellectual art. To be sure, this opera was written many years ago, and considerable changes in our musical notions have taken place in the interval. But it is enough to see any one of our popular operas, at this hour, and to hear the ditties lugged in by our favourite warblers, in utter defiance of congruity and discretion, to be convinced that, whatever other improvements music may have received, the alliance of sense with sound is as far from being accomplished as ever. In this very opera, for example, we are quite well accustomed to hear Mr. Braham, when *Carlos* should sing a song lamenting his unhappy love, and expressing his resolution never to love again, breaking out with "Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonny lassie, O!" and the public is generally so much delighted with the exquisite good taste and propriety of this proceeding, as to make him sing the song three times!*

* The song introduced by Mr. Wilson deserves the same censure. What has *Carlos* to do with singing about Love, love, love, and accompanied too, as such a

The part of *Carlos* is dull and insipid—thrust into the piece for the sake of its songs. The author, however, has tried to infuse a little interest into the character by the touch of feeling contained in the sketch he gives of his history, and the exquisitely tender verses, which are usually discarded—thus destroying the only hold which *Carlos* can have upon the sympathy of the audience. As to the original music, composed by Linley, there is some prettiness about it; but there is a stiffness in the melodies, and a poverty in the accompaniments, which, to those who have been accustomed to the rich fare of Mozart, Rossini, and Weber, (or, in other words, to the whole English public), render it very insipid. What used to be the heroine's crack song, "Adieu, thou dreary pile!" is a mere school exercise, consisting of runs and divisions, as guileless of meaning as any thing to be found in a book of solfeggios. In the part of *Clara*, Miss Romer displayed powers which, with cultivation, will enable her to take a high rank as a singer. Her voice is clear and flexible, particularly in the higher part of the scale. She has, generally, a good articulation, and executes rapid passages very neatly; but in the more difficult art of sustaining and dwelling upon a few simple notes, "in linked sweetness, long drawn out," she has yet (and, being a young singer, must necessarily still have) much to learn: she has evidently a musical soul, and frequently exhibited both taste and feeling; she is very pleasing too, both in face and person, and spoke and acted with spirit and intelligence. Mr. Wilson, though new to the stage, is any thing but a novice as a singer. His whole performance exhibited great vocal skill and cultivation; his voice is (that rarity) a true tenor, of rich quality and extensive compass; and he executed every thing he had to do with a facility which indicated that he had a great reserve of power and execution when it should be required. We do not remember ever to have been more pleased with the two national ballads, "Had I a heart," and "Ah! sure a pair were never seen;" for Mr. Wilson sung them in such a manner as to leave the simplicity of the airs quite unimpaired, and yet with ornament enough to save them from insipidity. This golden mean, so difficult to find, we hope he will study to preserve; and thus rescue English singing from one of its greatest reproaches—a redundancy of common-place and unmeaning ornament.* He is a well-looking young man, of a good figure, and a pleasing, open countenance. The part did not enable us to form any idea of his powers as an actor; but, in the little he had to say and do, he acquitted himself with great propriety.† Both these performers were received with great favour, and warmly applauded—most of their songs being encored. The piece was very amusingly performed; Keeley's "cunning little Isaac," though not the Jew we have been accustomed to see, was very grotesque; and his courtship scene with the *Duenna* (Mrs.

tender theme ought to be, by all the drums, trumpets, and bassoons, in the orchestra!)

* In paying this just tribute of applause to the new singer, and especially in expressing our admiration of his style, we cannot help referring to the source of his excellence: viz. the instructions of Crevelli, to whom we have often had occasion to allude, as a melodist of the purest order, and a teacher whose school cannot be too highly prized, or too generally cultivated.—*Ed. L. G.*

† There are also various musical requisites of which the part did not afford the means of judging: we have still, for instance, to discover, by some other part, whether Mr. Wilson possesses fire and passion; for the music he has sung, though not without tenderness, is wholly unimpassioned.

Gibbs) was irresistibly ludicrous. Miss Cawse was delightful, Blanchard admirable, and Duruset as sweet and pleasing as his part could admit.

When it was known that the managers of Covent Garden were anxious to have something new for T. P. Cooke, they were inundated with a sea of nauticals, all of the *Black-Eyed Susan* school, and "all in the Downs," we may suppose, if the *Blue Anchor*, by Pocock, be the best of the budget. We are of the most genuine admirers of T. P. Cooke. He is an inimitable seaman, dances a hornpipe to perfection, swears sailor oaths unprofanely, and twitches up his inexpressibles with an air very amusing to land-lubbers. But we cannot say that we like him so well at Covent Garden as in the meridian of that tight little craft, the Adelphi, where we have so often seen him play *Long Tom*, in the *Pilot*, with unmingled satisfaction, and allowed a little latitude, which we are rather inclined to calculate more nicely in classic Covent Garden. The chief defect of the *Tar for all Weathers* is, that, being written for him, he has little to do in it. Farley's is a better part; and, but that Tom prefers the open-handed jolly seaman to the plotting smuggler, we dare say he would have chosen *Shark*. He appears for the first time in the 2d act, and afterwards only at intervals. The *grog* song which he sung (indifferently enough) was lamentably poor, considering the copiousness of the subject; and the allusion to the queen, as the "Queen of good fellows," insufferable, and resented by the audience. The dialogue was throughout excessively vulgar; and, in the quarrel scene between the aforesaid *Shark* and *Tom Bluff*, even the spirited acting of Farley and Cooke could not redeem the coarseness of the language they were compelled to utter, and the piece was all but *d—d*, in consequence. There must be a certain degree of license allowed for a free sea sketch, and, not being squeamish, we allow for a great deal; but to pass over this uncensored would require more toleration than even our good nature can boast. *Tom Bluff* will not, we think, prove a feather in the cap of Tom Cooke. Keeley, as he always does, made the most of his part. He looked very funny as the undertaker, and his great card, as compared with his diminutive self, was infinitely ludicrous. Bartley's *Tom Bowline* was a fine picture of an old fisherman; and Blanchard, as the drunken landlord, *Tom Tiddle*, (they are all Toms here,) highly diverting. We must not omit mentioning clever little Mrs. Keeley's *Bessy Bowline*; but, in spite of the best acting and beautiful scenery, the *Blue Anchor* was a failure; and we are sure its short life will prove the truth of our opinion, and that it will soon be weighed.

The *Jew of Arragon*, miscalled a tragedy, by Mr. Wade, was produced and finished here on Wednesday. The author has the reputation of being a clever man; of which he somehow contrived to exclude even the slightest proof from this very miserable production. The play is founded, we believe, on a Spanish drama, by Huerta; or, perhaps, on one of the tales in Mr. Trueba's *Romances of Spanish History*. To give a serious detailed account of it, is impossible; for, from the first scene to the last, it is a tissue of the ridiculous. In the first, the Jew behaves with extreme rudeness to the Princess of Castile, about to be united to his sovereign; and in the last, all the dead bodies dispose themselves on a flight of steps, so entirely in the Tom Thumb style, that we regretted much they did not complete the

resemblance, by rising up again, and singing their own dead march. The plot was a mixture of the improbable and absurd—the language, as ludicrous in its common-place, as it was turgid in its bombast. As a whole, we could only wonder at that want of dramatic judgment evinced by the production of such an effete piece. It is a curious fact, but a fact nevertheless, that those who have for years been accustomed to study the public taste, are those who understand it the least. The actor is seldom a prophet as regards the fate of a drama. Perhaps this may arise from his only considering it with reference to himself. In the case before us, Mr. Kemble seems to have been led away by two or three, theatrically speaking, good hits for himself and daughter, without considering the dreary space between. Those little absurdities which excite that destruction to tragedy, laughter, were strangely frequent. For example, nothing could be more ridiculous than Miss Ellen Tree's jumping through the window down into the river; it was so completely enacting the old song,

"I'll gather my petticoats up to my knee,
And over the water to Charley."

But "we'll draw a decent curtain round the dead," and only speak as regards the first original character in which Miss Fanny Kemble has appeared, and which, we are sorry to say, was a failure. There was an utter want of original conception about it. In the first scene, where her father unfolds his ambitious hopes, there was a coldness, a want of energy, ill-suited to the ambitious Jewess. In the two different scenes, where she triumphs over and taunts the nobles, she wanted dignity: her sneering was spiteful and petulant, not haughty and cutting. The slowness of her delivery sometimes degenerated into a drawl,—a fault to which she cannot too soon direct her attention; monotony and mannerism are the Scylla and Charybdis of an actor's delivery. Her peculiar pronunciation has often a wretched effect; as when she asks the nobles, "If they are not stoned," for stoned. Now, each of these defects is slight, and in her own power to remedy. She has a most exquisite voice, its silver tones only require occasional variety. Her face has all the beauty of intellect and expression; her large dark eyes, and finely marked brow, are full of the poetry of passion. Her attitudes are generally perfect in grace: through the whole of the performance there were but two we thought unpleasant. The first is where she stands with the king,—she seemed as if she balanced herself upon his hand, and the air was one of disagreeable personal exhibition: the other, in the scene with the nobles,—she threw herself back till the effect was as awkward as the position was unfeminine. Now it is evident that each of these attitudes originates in the same fault, viz. throwing her person too much from the perpendicular. But, amid all the drawbacks of an ineffective character to support, and the weariness of an unsuccessful play, there was enough of grace and talent evinced to shew how justly is popularity awarded to this interesting young actress. One word on a matter of a private feeling. We were sorry to hear Mr. Kemble (in the text, it is true) point an allusion in the play so as to make it a personality. His daughter's station, her youth, her universally-acknowledged amiability in domestic life, not only place her above any passing scurrility, but give her claim to the possession of that delicacy of feeling, which was, we think, rather outraged than supported by being made matter of applause from

the galleries. But as we heard from that high circle, when *Xavier* entered, "That is the man vot vopps editors," we are not inclined to make any remark upon his acting which might be construed into offence; and so we wish the *Jew of Arragon* good night. By the by, we should have liked to see his regiment of ould cloash, with their nightcaps, &c., march to the camps. It would have been worth the whole tragedy.

ADELPHI.

A NEW naval piece was brought out on Thursday with great *éclat*: it is too late for us to say more.

MR. JONES, late of Drury Lane, is said to have declined all theatrical engagements, for the purpose of attending his pupils in parliamentary and clerical elocution. From some connexions of our own we have heard Mr. Jones's peculiar method of teaching highly commended; and while we regret the loss of his amusing talents in public, we wish him every success in the employment of his more useful talents in private. One of the chief recommendations of his system to us, and one to which we attach great importance, is that of imparting the power of reading without fatigue to pupils of the weakest constitutions.

POLITICS.

THE world gets older, not much wiser; and though manners change, human nature does not. What wars and revolutions were effected five hundred years ago by free-lancers, knights-errant, and mercenary soldiers, are now carried on by foreign volunteers in every squabble, liberals, and plunderers. Belgium is over-run by such, and Spain is threatened:—never mind, we are all patriots. In Paris the government seems resolved to put an end to mob legislation; and every friend of humanity hopes it will succeed.

VARIETIES.

Captain King's Expedition.—His majesty's ships *Adventure* and *Beagle*, which have been employed, for the last three years, in surveying the coast of South America, and particularly about Cape Horn, under the orders of Captain King, have arrived in England.

Scientific Expedition.—The Etna, Captain Belcher, has sailed upon her voyage to survey the western coast of Africa, from lat. 10° to 30° N., as we mentioned in a late *Literary Gazette*.

Eastern Archipelago.—Captain Fitz-Clarence, it is stated, will sail early in the ensuing year on a voyage to survey the Eastern Archipelago; proceeding in the first place to New South Wales.

Royal Anecdote.—The ex-king of Saxony, when his late brother was on his death-bed, was told by his confessor that, if he would vow to make a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre, his brother should die, and he should ascend the throne. He made the vow, his brother died, and he reigned. But when the time arrived for fulfilling his pledge, he found that his duties and infirmities rendered it impossible. After much discussion amongst his ghostly fathers, he compromised the matter by agreeing to scramble, on his bare knees, up and down the great gallery in his palace, for a certain time every day, until he should have gone over a space equal to the distance between Dresden and Jerusalem. His majesty had performed a great part of his feat when interrupted by his rebellious subjects.

New Club.—The Marquess of Hertford's noble mansion in Piccadilly is being fitted up for a new club, to be called *The English and Foreign Union*. The house, from what we have seen of it, will be superb. From the prospectus which has been issued, we observe that the object of this establishment is to promote and keep up the friendly intercourse of persons of rank and distinction, military, naval, literary, and scientific, of foreign nations, with those of our own country.

Italy.—A son of the celebrated Goethe has lately been travelling in Italy, of which tour, we learn, he has kept a journal, from which his father is preparing a work upon that country.

Madame Catalani.—This admired songstress, we are informed, in a letter from Italy, has finally set up her rest at Florence, with the declared intention of remaining there during life.

New German Singer.—At Turin, another Sontag has appeared, in the person of a Mlle. Henrietta Charles (Karl), who completed her vocal studies at Milan, and has made her *début* at Turin, in Coccia's *Orfana della Selva*, with the utmost *éclat*. She is a native of Berlin.

Cheap Beer.—Placards are seen about town at many public-houses thus inscribed: "Fine porter sold here at threepence per pot: every man must bring his own mug."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLIII. Oct. 23.*]

A poetical *jeu d'esprit* entitled the *Political Devil*, or Advice to the Mariner Monarch, preparatory to the opening of Parliament, illustrated by four cuts.—The Errors of Romanism traced to their Origin in Human Nature, by Dr. R. Whately.—The Daughter of Herodias, a Tragedy, by Henry Rich, Esq.—A Catechism of Phenology, illustrative of the Principles of that Science.—A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, from the Invention of Alphabetical Characters to 1445, Part I., by Dr. Adam Clarke.—Mr. Keightley, the author of the *Fairy Mythology*, is about to publish a work on the Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy. It is, we understand, designed for the use of schools and the universities, and to supply in an adequate manner the acknowledged want of such a work in our literature. The familiarity with the writings of the learned Germans, and the aversion to mysticism shewn by Mr. Keightley in his former publication, would lead us to expect in it a considerable accession to our classical knowledge, conveyed in an easy and intelligible form.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Swan's Demonstrations of the Nerves. Part I. folio, 2s. 2s. sewed.—Loudon's Illustrations of Landscape Gardening. Part I. folio, 7s. 6d. sewed.—Illustrations of the Literary Souvenir, 1831, proofs, imperial 4to. in portfolio, 30s.; colombed 4to. before letters, 3s. 3s.—The Water Witch, by the Author of "the Borderers," 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Burke's Official Calendar corrected, with Supplement, to the Present Time, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Hope Leslie, or Early Times in Massachusetts, by the Author of "Clarence," 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s. 6d. bds.—Howship on Spasmodic Stricture in the Colon, 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Rennie on Asthma, Consumption, and Disorders of the Lungs, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Westall's Great Britain Illustrated, 4to. prints, hf.-bd. morocco, 11. 14s.; India proofs, 3s. 3s.; imperial 4to. 5s. 5s.—Classic Cullings and Fugitive Gatherings, post 8vo. 9s. bds.—Prowse's Poems, 12mo. 6s. bds.—The Arrow and the Rose, by W. Kennedy, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Old Booty, or the Devil and the Baker, illustrated by Cruikshank, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Bradfield's Tales of the Cyclops, fcp. 8vo. 5s. 6d. sewed.—Grant's Advice to Trustees, 8vo. 6s. bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In the notice of the *Gem*, the name of the author who wrote the first poem quoted was omitted: this was doing but scant justice to one of its pleasantest contributors, Mr. Edward Fitzgerald.

I. P. is very well for the domestic circle, but does not require publication.

An "English Reader" should be aware, that however much we dislike the interlarding of our language with French or other foreign phraseology, we cannot alter quotations from works disfigured by that folly.

The extract, the only one by which we could satisfactorily illustrate the *Winter's Wrath*, is so long, that we cannot find room for it in this No.: a second apology is therefore due to the Editor of that Annual, all others appearing in the succession in which they reach us. The dramatic novelties have also pressed on our space this week.

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